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THE

LEGENDS OF LAMPIDOSA,

OR

THE SEVEN HEROINES.



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WILLIAM H. GRAHAM, TRIBUNE BUILDING,

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"These," I replied, unfolding a roll of manuscripts, "contain legends of seven nations, preserved in the isle of Lampidosa, by a female anchoress, whose rocky chamber is still visible, where she received and deposited the narratives of travellers from various countries. These legends show the character of woman as various as the "seven-fold light" to which our gallant associate compared it."—p. 6.



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THE LEGENDS OF LAMPIDOSA.

THE BROTHERHOOD.

—————Another awful pause was broken by our scheming brother's exclamations. "Eurekas, I have found it! Never had Archimedes himself greater reason to rejoice in a discovery! In this portfolio is a piece of oriental music, in which every sound is expressed by a corresponding image, and every concord or discord in it forms a picturesque groupe. Let us borrow the old Brahmin's idea, and obtain a patent for publishing sonatas in the shape of landscapes. A purling stream might indicate a succession of soft notes; a forest thick with innumerable leaves would represent the difficulties of a fine chromatic passage; and a full thunder-cloud behind might express the sublime burst of sound usual at a grand finale."

"Certainly," said Clanharold, "the sister arts of music and painting might be beautifully blended by associating lovely forms with ideas of melody; but the specimen of ancient Hindoo harmony seems to suggest an improvement on Lavater's system. Might you not obtain a more profitable patent by devising a gamut of human faces expressing the gradations of intellect and beauty?"

"Many thanks for the hint, Brother Poet. And as bass and treble notes admirably shew the contrast between the shrill sounds of female eloquence and the growlings of deep masculine wisdom, we might contrive an instructive example of the concords and discords resulting from both

united. For this purpose, I have already sketched a gamut of faces exhibiting the seven stages of spleen, as displayed in our own fraternity, with an accompaniment composed of seven female heads whose scornful beauty affords a tolerable excuse for us."

We all gathered round this whimsical caricature—"These fair heads," continued Philowhim, "which I have placed according to nature, an octave lower in the scale than ours, are borrowed from a certain institution established by seven wealthy spinsters. They reside in a romantic seclusion, admit no strangers, and amuse themselves with collecting all the legends left in favor of their sex by historians of seven nations. But as the compilation of so many female heads required adjusting, they inquired for a confidential amanuensis to transcribe it. I was a candidate for the task, and had the felicity of a moment's glance at seven heads which would have been worth a thousand pounds to Drs. Gall and Spurzheim."

"Pray," said Sir Pertinax, surveying them through his eye-glass, "is the office of secretary vacant now?"

"O most probably. King Boleslaus, who employed a hundred clerks, or Cardinal Dubois, who hired one merely to scold at, never gave an amanuensis more trouble. In addition to my task of transcribing seven legends of female virtue, I was employed in copying sonnets, making extracts

from lectures on conchology, craniology, and pathology, and composing paragraphs for the scandalous chronicle. In my haste and confusion, I communicated a recipe for the best noyau to the Antiquarian Society, instead of a dissertation on a petrified owl found by one of the sisterhood; and sent an order for a bottle of patent Parisian cream in an envelope designed for a sentimental ode. My dismissal followed, and I came here, like other exsecretaries, to reveal the secrets of my office."

"I have heard such institutions proposed," said Dr. Beauclerc, "as fit and desirable asylums, but have fearful doubts of their utility. Mineral poisons may lose their inveteracy by mingling, but those of the moral world grow more malignant when collected. Imagine a society of females infected with vain and dissatisfied self-love, consequently with envy, ambition, and uncharitableness! Imagine how each would consume her talents in frivolous devices, and blight her associates by spleen and calumny! Such a female circle would form a place of torture beyond all that tyranny ever devised—a torture too various to be described, and too ridiculous to be pitied."

"Very true!" sighed forth our poetic Clanharold—"flowers perfume the air if unconfined, but poison it if covered in a close jar."

"Your axiom may be elegant," interposed the Cynic, "but it is not true. Flowers may dephlogisticate the air, as you say, in a close jar; but they never purify it any where. It has been proved by Ingenhouz and others, that the stem and leaves, not the flowers, of plants have power to improve our atmosphere."

"Allow me," said I, "to pursue your thought. If there is any resemblance between the beauties of animal and vegetable nature, it is not the gaudy, variable, and fading decorations of modern females which sweeten social life, but the soft and steady virtue that gives support and diffuses balm like the leaves and stem of an aromatic plant. Let us carry the analogy still

farther. As flowers diffuse a malignant air only in the absence of the sun, I conceive that the florid talents of women, which you suppose mere poisoners of existence, require always the correcting influence of a kind and benevolent spirit. Such a principle fixed in their own minds, would render their ornaments both innocent and lovely, as the presence of light gives coloring and health to vegetables."

"How tenderly expressed!" retorted my opponent with a glance of malice; "but I am not quite convinced that the globules of light have any share in colors: nor is a lady's character always so flowery as it seems. Many a traveller has found nothing but senna and coloquintida where he expected poppies and ——"

"A truce," said our eldest Brother, "to this contest between science and imagination. Let us all remember that wit owes its attraction to good nature, as the violent ray of the sun gives magnetic power to the needle. But as we enjoy without understanding the principle of light, I choose rather to admire than to define the genius of woman. I look on the female mind as I look upon the sea. Without presuming to explain, I know the noble and necessary element which composes it; but I also see its fluctuation, its insolidity, its uncertain and often violent motion. Therefore, though many encounter it with safety and success, I am content to walk at a sure distance on the shore."

"Brothers," said Counsellor Lumiere, very gravely, "though corporations may legally and necessarily employ a secretary or prolocutor, I know not whether a community of spinisters can be considered in the eye of the law, and according to its statutes, a real and effective corporation. For it requires, 1st, lawful authority; 2dly, proper persons; 3dly, a name and place fitting thereunto; and, finally, it must be an assembly whereof one is head or chief. Now it is evident that females cannot exercise lawful authority, inasmuch as,—though a woman may be a sexton herself, or vote in the election of one (*vide* Strange,

1114) the law allows her no other office, wisely intimating that her chief concern and pleasure is to bury her husband; or, as one of the sex expresses it—"to plague him first and bury him afterwards." Nor can a community of spinsters ever elect a chief, as it is their profession to be uncontrolled, and each a sovereign of herself. Nor is the name of Tabby appropriate or fitting, being derived from a tame domestic animal no way similar to a feme sole, quoad spinster. But if these points should not be litigated, and this institution can maintain itself, I will venture to offer my aid, being experienced in all the forms of law:—which forms are necessary (saith Hobbes, 232,) or the law would be no art. But as spinsters ought to be named *generosa* (see Dyer, 46 and 88,) I shall expect a retaining fee, and believe their verdict would be *non obstante*."

"Brother Hermits," exclaimed Sir Pertinax, after a long yawn—"are we not debating like the philosophers who reasoned on the golden tooth? Before we dispute about this female institution, we should be very certain that it exists. Let us choose one of our fraternity by ballot, and send him to ascertain the fact: if he can obtain a view of these rich recluses by offering himself as amanuensis, we will all assist him in transcribing their miraculous legends, provided he supplies us with a copy of their rent-rolls." Every voice gave assent—the balloting-glasses were prepared, and my name drawn forth. Our speculating buffoon, Philowhim, gave my hand an honest shake of congratulation. "But be not too sanguine," he added, "in your hopes of obtaining a clue to the bower. If you can find credentials enough to recommend you to the office of copyist, you may possibly be entrusted with the precious manuscripts, but not with a glance at the seven heiresses. Remember your duty to us, however; and as a member of the Tale-telling Club, or Brotherhood of Bioscribes, endeavor to furnish us with a new romance, at least."

"Fear nothing," was my answer; "We

once called ourselves the Eunomian Society, because we intended to seek the law of happiness: and as we borrowed our name from Hesiod's loveliest female personage, we may find teachers of happiness among women."

* * * * *

And now imagine me, like a second Baron of Triermain, in quest of a most perilous adventure. Having passed under the arch of a giant-rock which forms the colossal portcullis of Dovedale, I followed the narrow path hewn on the edge of a chasm whose sides are clothed by the arbutus and mountain ash, and whose depth would seem unfathomable if the glistening of the Dove did not betray its channel. The Alpine bridge which hangs over this chasm brought me to the threshold of Willow Hall. But there the Alpine scenery disappeared; a screen of interwoven oaks concealed it, and I saw only a sunny slope, regular enough for a bal champêtre, and bordered by the river which spreads itself there into a clear broad mirror. Forest trees complete the amphitheatre: and the village spire, the smoke of a few cottages, and the outline of a grey mountain, were just visible beyond. I leave you to fancy it with the rich gold and purple coloring bestowed on the superb pavillion of rocks by the setting sun. "This might be the home of happiness!" said my imagination when I looked round. Do not smile, sagacious Editor, for this is my first thought in whatever place I enter. And why should we not view every habitation with a wish to think it pleasant? There is a reserved and feminine spirit in happiness which will not be won unsought. When the portress had opened the iron gate of Willow Hall, I found myself in an ancient parlor, where the sun shining through an ample damask drapery, reminded me of a kind heart seen through a glowing face, and gave a charming color-de-rose to the assembly. In a chair of state sat the foundress of the institution, surrounded by her sisterhood. Had I been a pupil of the Great Henry's first tutor, Le Gaucherie, I could not have pre-

sented by credentials with less grace; but they were successful. The historian of the hermits became the spinisters' chronicler.

My return to the Society was greeted by innumerable questions respecting the institution I had been sent to discover, and the means of my success. "These," I replied, unfolding a roll of manuscripts, "will explain all the mysteries of both. They contain legends of seven nations, preserved in the isle of Lampidosa by a female anchoret, whose rocky chamber is still visible, where she received and deposited the

narratives of travellers from various countries. Their present possessor has only added one of recent date, which will be found, perhaps, not wholly unconnected with our own private histories, our opinions, and purposes. These legends shew the character of woman capable of tints as various as the "seven-fold light" to which our gallant associate compared it. Let us begin with the simple record of the remotest nation, and observe her in her first gradation from the darkness of savage nature.

THE NORWEGIAN.

In one of those short and brilliant nights peculiar to Norway, a small hamlet near its coast was disturbed by the arrival of a stranger. At a spot so wild and unfrequented, the Norwegian government had not thought fit to provide any house of accommodation for travellers, but the pastor's residence was easily found. Thorsen, though his hut hardly afforded room for his own numerous family, gave ready admission even to an unknown guest, and placed before him the remains of a dried torskfish, a thrush, and a loaf composed of oatmeal mixed with fir-bark. To this coarse but hospitable banquet the traveller seated himself with a courteous air of appetite, and addressed several questions to his host respecting the produce, customs, and peculiarities of the district. Thorsen gave him intelligent answers, and dwelt especially on the cavern of Dolstein, celebrated for its extent beneath the sea. The traveller listened earnestly, commented in language which betrayed deep science, and ended by proposing to visit it with his host. The pastor loved the wonders of his country with the pride and enthusiasm of a Norwegian; and they entered the cave of

Dolstein together, attended only by one of those small dogs accustomed to hunt bears. The torches they carried could not penetrate the tremendous gloom of this cavern, whose vast aisles and columns seem to form a cathedral fit for the spirits of the sea, whose eternal hymn resounds above and around it. "We must advance no farther," said Thorsen, pausing at the edge of a broad chasm—"we have already ventured two miles beneath the tide." "Shall we not avail ourselves of the stairs which Nature has provided here?" replied the traveller, stretching his torch over the abyss, into which large masses of shattered basaltine pillars offered a possible, but dreadful, mode of descent. The pastor caught his cloak—"Not in my presence shall any man tempt death so impiously! Are you deaf to that terrible murmur? The tide of the northern ocean is rising upon us: I see its white foam in the depth." Though retained by a strong grasp, the stranger hazarded a step beneath the chasm's edge, straining his sight to penetrate its extent, which no human hand had ever fathomed. The dog leaped to a still lower resting-place, was out of sight a few moments,

and returned with a piteous moan to his master's feet. "Even this poor animal," said Thorsen, "is awed by the divinity of darkness, and asks us to save ourselves." "Loose my cloak, old man!" exclaimed the traveller, with a look and tone which might have suited the divinity he named—"my life is a worthless hazard. But this creature's instinct invites us to save life, not to lose it. I hear a human voice!" "It is the scream of the fish-eagle!" interrupted his guide; and, exerting all his strength, Thorsen would have snatched the torch from the desperate adventurer; but he had already descended a fathom deep into the gulf. Panting with agony, the pastor saw him stand unsupported on the brink of a slippery rock, extending the iron point of his staff into what appeared a wreath of foam left on the opposite side by the sea, which now raged below him in a whirlpool, more deafening than the Maelstrom. Thorsen with astonishment saw this white wreath attach itself to the pike-staff; he saw his companion poise it across the chasm with a vigorous arm, and beckon for his aid with gestures which the clamor of waves prevented his voice from explaining. The sagacious dog instantly caught what now seemed the folds of a white garment; and while Thorsen trembling, held the offered staff, the traveller ascended with his prize. Both fell on their knees and silently blessed heaven. Thorsen first unfolded the white garment, and discovered the face of a boy, beautiful though ghastly, about eleven years old. "He is not dead yet," sighed the good pastor, eagerly pouring wine between his lips from the flask they had brought to cheer them. He soon breathed, and the traveller, tearing off his wet half-frozen vestments, wrapped him in his own furred coat and cloak, and spoke to him in a gentle accent. The child clung to him whose voice he had heard in the gulf of death, but could not discern his deliverers. "Poor blind boy!" said Thorsen, dropping tears on his cheek, "he has wandered alone into this hideous cavern, and fallen down the precipice." But this

natural conjecture was disproved by the boy's replies to the few Norwegian words he seemed to understand. He spoke in a pure Swedish dialect of a journey from a very distant home with two rude men, who had professed to bring him among friends, but had left him sleeping, he believed, where he had been found. His soft voice, his blindness, his unsuspecting simplicity, increased the deep horror which both his benefactors felt as they guessed the probable design of those who had abandoned him. They carried him by turns in silence, preceded by their watchful dog;—and quenching their torches at the cavern's mouth, seated themselves in one of its most concealed recesses. The sun was rising, and its light shone through a crevice on the stranger's face and figure, which, by enveloping the child in his furred mantle, he had divested of disguise. Thorsen saw the grace and vigor of youth in its contour, features formed to express an ardent character, and that fairness of complexion peculiar to northern nations. As if aware of his guide's scrutiny, the traveller wrapped himself again in his cloak, and, looking on the sleeping boy whose head rested on his knee, broke the thoughtful pause. "We must not neglect the existence we have saved. I am a wanderer, and urgent reasons forbid me to have any companion. Providence, sir, has given you a right to share in the adoption of this child. Dare you except the charge for one year, with no other recompense than your own benevolence and this small purse of dollars?"

Thorsen replied, with the blush of honest pride in his forehead, "I should require no bribe to love him—but I have many children and their curiosity may be dangerous. There is a good old peasant, whose daughter is his only comfort and companion. Let us entrust this boy to her care, and if in one year——" "in one year, if I live, I will reclaim him?" said the stranger solemnly:—"Shew me this woman."—Though such peremptory commands startled Thorsen, whose age and office had ac-

customed him to respect, he saw and felt a native authority in his new friend's eye, which he obeyed. With a cautious fear of spies, new to an honest Norwegian, he looked round the cavern-entrance, and led the stranger by a private path to the old fisherman's hut. Claribell, his daughter, sat at its door, arranging the down-feathers of the beautiful Norwegian pheasant, and singing one of the wild ditties so long preserved on that coast. The fisherman himself, fresh-colored and robust, though in his ninetieth year, was busied amongst his winter-stock of oil and deer-skins, Thorsen was received with the urbanity peculiar to a nation whose lowest classes are artizans and poets; but his companion did not wait for his introduction. "Worthy woman," he said to Claribell, "I am a traveller with an unfortunate child, whose weakness will not permit him to accompany me farther. Your countenance confirms what this venerable man has told me of your goodness: I leave him to appeal to it." He disappeared as he spoke, while the blind boy clung to Claribell's hand, as if attracted by the softness of a female voice. "Keep the dollars, pastor;" said Hans Hofland, when he had heard all that Thorsen chose to tell—"I am old, and my daughter may marry Brande, our kinsman; keep the purse to feed this poor boy, if the year should pass and no friends remember him."

Thorsen returned well-satisfied to his home, but the stranger was gone, and no one in the hamlet knew the time or way of his departure. Though a little Lutheran theology was all that education had given the pastor, he had received from Nature an acute judgment and a bountiful heart. Whether the deep mystery in which his guest had chosen to wrap himself could be connected with that which involved his ward, was a point beyond his investigation; but he contented himself with knowing how much the blind boy deserved his pity. To be easy and useful was this good man's constant aim, and he always found both purposes united.

The long, long winter and brief summer of Norway passed away without event. Adolphus, as the blind boy called himself, though he soon learned the Norwegian language, could give only confused and vague accounts of his early years, or his journey to Dolstein. But his docility, his sprightliness, and lovely countenance, won even the old fisherman's heart, and increased Claribell's pity to fondness. Under Hans Hofland's roof there was also a woman who owed her bread to Claribell's bounty. She was the widow of a nobleman whose mansion and numerous household had suddenly sunk into the abyss now covered with the lake of Frederic-stadt. From that hour she had never been seen to smile; and the intense severity of a climate in which she was a stranger, added to the force of an overwhelming misfortune, had reduced her mind and body to utter imbecility. But Claribell, who had been chosen to attend her during the few months which elapsed between her arrival in Norway and her disastrous widowhood, could never be persuaded to forsake her when the rapacious heir, affecting to know no proofs of her marriage, dismissed her to desolation and famine. The Lady Johanna, as her faithful servant still called her, had now resided ten years in Hans Hofland's cabin, nursed by his daughter with the tenderest respect, and soothed in all her caprices. Adolphus sat by her side, singing fragments of Sweedish songs, which she always repaid by allowing him to share her sheltered corner of the hearth: and he, ever ready to love the hand that cherished him, lamented only because he could not know the face of his second foster-mother.

On the anniversary of that brilliant night which brought the stranger to Dolstein, all Hofland's happy family assembled round his door. Hans himself, ever gay and busy, played a rude accompaniment on his ancient violin, while Adolphus timed his song to the slow motion of the Lady Johanna's chair, as it rocked her into slumber. Claribell sat at her feet, preparing for her pillow the soft, rich fur of the

brown forest-cat brought by Brande, her betrothed husband, whose return had caused this jubilee. While Hans and his son-in-law were exchanging cups of mead, the pastor Thorsen was seen advancing with the stranger. "It is he!" exclaimed Claribell, springing from her kinsman's side with a shriek of joy. Adolphus clung to his benefactor's embrace. Hans loaded him with welcomes, and even the lady looked round her with a faint smile. They seated their guest amongst them, while the blind boy sorrowfully asked if he intended to remove him. "One year more Adolphus," replied the traveller, "you shall give to these hospitable friends, if they will endure the burthen for your sake. "He is so beautiful!" said old Hans. "Ah, father!" added Claribell, "he must be beautiful always, he is so kind!" The traveller looked earnestly at Claribell, and saw the loveliness of a kind heart in her eyes. His voice faltered as he replied, "My boy must still be your guest, for a soldier has no home; but I have found his small purse untouched—let me add another, and make me more your debtor by accepting it." Adolphus laid the purse in Claribell's lap, and his benefactor, rising hastily, announced his intention to depart immediately, if a guide could be procured. "My kinsman shall accompany you," said the fisherman: "he knows every crag from Ardanger to Dofrefield." Brande advanced, slinging his musket behind his shoulders,—as a token of his readiness. "Not to-night!" said Claribell; "a snow-fall has swelled the flood, and the wicker bridge has failed." Thorsen and Hans urged the tedious length of the mountain-road, and the distance of any stage-house. Brande alone was silent. He had thought of Claribell's long delay in fulfilling their marriage contract, and his eye measured the stranger's graceful figure with suspicious envy. But he dare not meet his glance, and no one saw the smile which shrivelled his lips when his offered guidance was accepted. "He is bold and faithful," said the pastor, as the stranger press-

ed his hand, and bade him farewell with an expressive smile. Brande shrunk from the pastor's blessing, and departed in silence. All were sleeping in Hofland's hut when he returned, pale and almost gasping. "So soon from Ardanger?" said Claribell; "your journey has speeded well." "He is safe," retorted the lover, and sat down gloomy on the hearth. Only a few embers remained, which cast a doubtful light on his countenance—"Claribell!" he exclaimed, after a long pause, "Will you be my wife to-morrow?"—"I am the Lady Johanna's servant while she lives," answered Claribell—"and the poor blind boy! what will become of them if I leave my father?" "They shall remain with us, and we will form one family—we are no longer poor—the traveller gave me this gold—and bade me keep it as your dowry." Claribell cast her eye on the heap of rubles, and on her lover's face—"Brande you have murdered him!" With these half-articulate words, she fell prostrate on the earth, from which he dared not approach to raise her. But presently gathering the gold, her kinsman placed it at her feet—"Claribell! it is yours! it is his free gift, and I am innocent." "Follow me, then!" said she, putting the treasure in her bosom; and quitting her father's dwelling, she led the way to Thorsen's. He was awake, reading by the summer moonlight, "Sir," said Claribell, in a firm and calm tone, "your friend deposited this gold in my kinsman's hands—keep it in trust for Adolphus in your own." Brande, surprised, dismayed, yet rescued from immediate danger, acquiesced with downcast eyes; and the pastor, struck only with respectful admiration, received the deposit.

Another year passed but not without events. A tremendous flood bore away the chief part of the hamlet, and swept off the stock of timber on which the good pastor's saw-mills depended. The hunting season had been unproductive, and the long polar night found Claribell's family almost without provision. Her father's strength yielded to fatigue and grief; and a few dried

fish were soon consumed. Wasted to still more extreme debility, her miserable mistress lay beside the hearth, with only enough of life to feel the approach of death. Adolphus warmed her frozen hands in his, and secretly gave her all the reindeer's milk which their neighbors, though themselves half-famished, bestowed upon him. Brande, encouraged by the despairing father's presence, ventured to remind Claribell of her marriage contract. "Wait till the traveller returns to sanction it," she replied with a bitter smile. Moody silence followed; while Hans, shaking a tear from his long silver eye-lashes, looked reproachfully at his daughter. "Have mercy on us both," said Brande, with a desperate gesture—"Shall an idiot woman and a blind boy rob even your father of your love?" "They have trusted me," she answered, fixing her keen eyes upon him—"and I will not forsake them in life or death—Hast thou deserved trust better?"

Brande turned away his face and wept. At that terrible instant, the door burst open, and three strangers seized him. Already unmanned, he made no resistance; and a caravan sent by judicial authority, conveyed the whole family to the hall of the viceroy's deputy. There, heedless of their toilsome journey and exhausted state, the minister of justice began his investigation. A charge of murder had been lodged against Brande, and the clothes worn by the unfortunate traveller, found at the foot of a percipice, red with blood and heaped together, were displayed before him. Still he professed innocence, but with a faltering voice and unsteady eye. Thorsen, strong in benevolence and truth, had followed the prisoner's car on foot, and now presented himself at the tribunal. He produced the gold deposited in his hands, and advanced a thousand proofs of Claribell's innocence, but she maintained herself an obstinate silence. A few silver ducats found in old Hofland's possession implicated him in the guilt of his kinsman; and the judge, comparing the actual evidence of Brande's conduct on the fatal night of the

assassination with his present vague and incoherent statements, sentenced the whole family to imprisonment in the mine of Cronenburgh.

Brande heard his decree in mute despair; and Claribell, clinging to her heart-broken father, fixed her eyes, dim with intense agony, on the blind boy, whose face during this ignominious trial had been hidden on her shoulder. But when the conclusive sentence was pronounced, he raised his head, and addressed the audience in a strong and clear tone—"Norwegians!—I have no home—I am an orphan and a stranger among you. Claribell has shared her bread with me, and where she goes I will go." "Be it so," said the judge, after a short pause—"darkness and light are alike to the blind, and he will learn to avoid guilt if he is allowed to witness its punishment." The servants of justice advanced, expecting their superior's signal to remove the victims, but his eye was suddenly arrested. The Lady Johanna, whose chair had been brought before the tribunal, now rose from it, and stood erect, exclaiming, "*I accuse him!*" At this awful cry, from lips which had never been heard to utter more than the low moan of insanity, the judge shuddered, and his assistants shrunk back as if the dead had spoken. The glare of her pale grey eyes, her spectre-like face shadowed by long and loose hair, were such as a Norwegian sorceress exhibits. Raising her skeleton hands high above her head, she struck them together with a force which the hall echoed:—"There was but one witness, and I go to him!" With these words, and a shrill laugh, she fell at the judge's feet and expired.

Six years glided away; and the rigorous sentence passed on these unfortunate Norwegians had been long executed and forgotten, when the Swedish viceroy visited the silver mines of Cronenburgh. Lighted by a thousand lamps attached to columns of the sparkling ore, he proceeded with his retinue through the principal street of the subterranean city, while the miners exhibited the various processes of their la-

bers. But his eye seemed fixed on a bier followed by an aged man, whose shoulder bore the badge of infamy, leaning on a meagre woman and a boy,—whose voice mingled with the rude chant peculiar to Norwegian mourners like the warbling of an Eolian lute among the moans of a stormy wind. At this touching and unexpected sound, the viceroy stopped and looked earnestly at his guide—"It is the funeral of a convicted murderer," replied the superintendant of the miners; "and that white-haired man was his kinsman, and supposed accomplice."

"The woman is his widow, then?" said the viceroy, shuddering. "No, my lord: her imprisonment was limited to one year, but she chose to remain with her unhappy father, to prepare his food and assist in his labors; that lovely boy never leaves her side, except to sing hymns to the sick miners, who think him an angel come among us." While the humane intendant spoke, the bier approached, and the torches carried by its bearers shone on the corpse of Brande, whose uncovered countenance retained all the sullen fierceness of his character. The viceroy followed to the grave; and advancing as the body was lowered into it, said, "Peace be with the dead, and with the living. All are forgiven."

The intendant of the mines, instructed by one of the viceroy's retinue, removed the fetters from Hans Hofland's ankles, and placed him, with his daughter and the blind boy, in the vehicle used to reach the

outlet of the mine. A carriage waited to receive them, and they found themselves conveyed from the most hideous subterranean dungeon to the splendid palace of the viceroy. They were led into his cabinet, where he stood alone, not in his rich official robes, but in those he had worn at Dolstein. "It is the traveller!" exclaimed Claribell; and Adolphus sprang into his arms. "My son!" was all the viceroy could utter as he held him close to his heart. "Claribell!" he added, after a few moments of agonizing joy, "I am the father of Adolphus, and the Lady Johanna was my wife. Powerful enemies compelled me to conceal even my existence; but a blessed chance enabled me to save my only son, whom I believed safe in the care of the treacherous kinsman who coveted my inheritance, and hoped to destroy us both. Brande was the agent of his guilt; but fearing that his secrecy might fail, the chief traitor availed himself of his power as a judge, to bury his accomplice and his innocent victim for ever. Providence saved my life from his machinations, and my sovereign has given me power sufficient to punish and reward. Your base judge is now in the prison to which he condemned your father and yourself: you, Claribell, if you can accept the master of this mansion, are now in your future home. Continue to be the second mother of Adolphus, and ennoble his father by an union with your virtues."

THE RUSSIAN.

"Perverse, deceitful, inconstant woman! Mahomet judged wisely when he told his followers there could be none with souls! —" Such were the ruminations of Count Demetrius, as he began his journey

from St. Petersburg to the desolate fortress Schlüsselburgh. He had devoted the flower of his youth and the full vigor of his talents to the service of the Empress Catherine, whose gracious demeanor had ex-

cited him to expect a reward far more splendid than the government of a solitary castle. But it contained her kinsman Iwan of Mechlenburgh, whose claims to the Russian throne, derived from his great aunt, the Empress Anna Iwanowna, were sufficient to collect partisans, and furnish a rallying point to sedition. Policy could not have selected a fitter guard for this important personage than Count Demetrius, whose high principles of loyal faith insured his integrity, while his personal attachment to the empress seemed sufficient to stifle those finer feelings of humanity which might have revolted from his task. With many pangs, arising from that half-satisfied attachment and those half-stifled feelings, the Count reached Schlusselfburgh, and, according to his instructions, opened the sealed orders of the empress. Though he trembled at their import, and blushed, though alone, his pride was soothed by the extensive trust reposed in his courage and fidelity: his ambition promised itself a high reward; and that love which affords a ready excuse to the vanity from whence it springs, gave a brilliant coloring to its errors.

Notwithstanding the devout obedience which Demetrius chose to owe his sovereign, he entered the presence of his prisoner Iwan with sensations very unlike conscious rectitude. The prince, though only in his twentieth year, viewed his new jailer with an air of stern contempt, and a piercing glance which probably gained force from the almost feminine beauty of the face from whence it lightened. That glance was sufficient to inform Iwan how little rigor could be feared from Demetrius, and how much his heart was conscious of the crime his ambition excused. They exchanged only a few words; but though each feared to trust the other, both felt a beginning friendship. The new governor retired to his bed-chamber with a determination to atone for the injustice of Iwan's imprisonment by the gentleness of its method.

The apartment assigned to Iwan was deep-sunk under the strongest tower of the

fortress, and received light from a narrow window which the water of the moat almost reached. His food and apparel were always conveyed to him by the governor himself, who descended to his chamber through long intricate windings, among vaults and recesses known to no other inhabitant of the fortress, except a Cossack soldier, whose stubborn zeal and almost giant strength had advanced him to the important station of sentinel at the prince's door. There he watched night and day, sleeping only during the very few hours which the governor spent every morning with his prisoner. When the air was bland and moon brilliant, the unfortunate Iwan sometimes accompanied Demetrius to a secluded part of the garden, and enjoyed the luxuries of exercise and light.

It was the noon of a delicious night, when the Count, now happiest in his prisoner's society, descended to offer him a promenade. He unbarred the iron door gently as usual, and, supposing him asleep, drew back the curtain of his couch to awaken him. The couch,—the chamber was vacant! Demetrius rushed out, and saw the Cossack sentinel standing with his usual vacant gaze of sullen indifference. "Follow me, Basil!" he exclaimed, "our prisoner has escaped." The Cossack answered only by trimming his torch, and unsheathing his large poignard. Demetrius traversed every recess in the subterranean labyrinth till he reached the remnant of a stair-case half choaked with fallen stones. "Here is an outlet," said the governor; "let us search round before we give alarm." The Cossack hewed a way among brambles and broken granite, till they found themselves in a rude hut, which seemed the depository of a woodman's stores. Embers of a fire gleamed in a corner; an axe, a few traces of provisions, lay near it, and some loose hurdles filled the entrance. The governor's eager survey informed him it had no living inhabitant—"We are too late! but my bugle can alarm the garrison." The Cossack's strong arm wrested it from him,—and his ferocious

smile shewed his connivance in the prisoner's escape. Snatching up the woodman's axe, Demetrius levelled a deadly blow at the treacherous sentinel's head,—but his own throat was seized with the force of determined vengeance, and the struggle would have been short, had not a friendly hand grasped the Cossack's foot. A boy sleeping among the hurdles in the hut, had been awakened by their contest, and now crept forward to save the victim. While with one hand he held the murderer's leg, with the other he gave Demetrius the sword which had been snatched from his grasp, and thrown on the ground. The Cossack received it in his breast, and expired, muttering execrations. Demetrius caught the young stranger's arm as he attempted to hide himself again, and demanded his name. "Alexis!" said the poor youth, trembling—"I came here to sleep after gathering wood all day." Demetrius surveyed him eagerly,—and a propitious thought arose. Iwan's escape had been discovered by none but himself; and the Cossack, probably its sole abettor, now lay lifeless. This young woodman resembled the prince in stature and complexion; might he not be safely substituted? Grasping his hand, and fixing his eyes with all their dazzling fire upon him, Demetrius exacted an oath of secrecy. "I never swear," replied the forest-boy, "but I speak truth." The governor's wavering purpose was fixed by this expression of courageous honesty. "My safety and the state's requires me to detain you, but you cannot refuse to preserve a life for which you have already risked your own. Remain here without resistance, act according to my dictates, and you shall represent a prince." Either fascinated by this splendid but ambiguous promise, or conscious of his dependence on the governor's mercy, Alexis silently kissed his unsheathed sabre, as a token of submission. Demetrius, hastily throwing the loose hurdles over his fallen enemy, bound his scarf over the young forester's eyes, and led him through the subterranean vaults of Schlussemburgh, to the chamber once occupied by Prince Iwan. "Here, Alexis," said he, "you must remain while my sovereign's safety requires the nation to believe

that her rival is still in my custody. No one visits this chamber but myself, and both our lives depend on your discretion." Alexis looked round the desolate prison with an instinctive shudder, and a timid glance at Demetrius. There was a reproach in that glance so penetrating, yet so mild, that all the selfishness and craft learned in the school of political ambition sunk under it. "I swear," said Demetrius, "never to abandon your safety, though it should cost my own." "*God hears you!*" replied the prisoner: and the oath was registered in the speaker's heart.

In the solitude of his own apartment, Demetrius reviewed all the possible consequences of this eventful night, and discovered new motives to applaud his expedient.—Chance had given to the young woodman such striking resemblance to the fugitive prince, that the real Iwan might be plausibly pronounced an impostor, should he ever venture to disturb the peace of Russia: or if the counterfeit was proved, Demetrius might contrive to appear the dupe, and not the abettor. In every way Alexis seemed to secure the best advantage to the empress and her agent: but to render his semblance complete, the governor saw the necessity of giving his mind a degree of cultivation equal to Iwan's if possible. For this purpose he visited him daily, and found his attention willing, though his capacity seemed limited. He spent his childhood, Alexis said, in the forest near Schlussemburgh, and knew nothing except his native language: but Demetrius was a patient and assiduous instructor till his pupil acquired the rudiments of Latin, and could speak fluently in polished French. History, at least whenever it resembled romance, was eagerly learned by the young student; and his remarks on the policy of courts shewed an instinctive shrewdness which almost resembling what is called *espieglerie*. But it was blended with simplicity so demure, and good-humor so fascinating, that Demetrius almost thought it better than any he had seen before. The escape of the real Iwan seemed a secret wholly unsuspected, and the governor's labors to educate his representative became at length more necessa-

ry as the solace of his solitude than as means to ensure his safety. Conscious how much he owed to the patient submission of Alexis, his native sense of justice found some satisfaction in ameliorating it by paternal kindness. Once, when an intercourse of three years' length had established more familiarity, Alexis suddenly said, "You have told me for what purpose governments were created and societies leagued together, but you never mention for what purpose man himself exists!" Demetrius was silent in surprise and secret shame: at length he replied, "At least two thousand sages have given us as many systems, but every man has his best instructor in his heart: let every one pursue his own idea of pleasure, and he fulfils the sole purpose of his existence." "You once shewed me," answered Alexis, "a clear and distinct purpose for every class of animal and vegetable creation; was the great Being less wise when he made man?" Angry at his own incompetent reasons, Demetrius retorted spleenfully—"I have been tempted to believe it since I have found one half the world created to degrade and deceive the other. Yet we call that half the loveliest! You will thank me at some period, Alexis, for having secluded you so long from its temptations." His pupil, smiling archly, replied, "Tell me by what art this strange authority is acquired, that I may avoid it; or rather explain why men allow themselves to be subdued by women, if they possess superior power and wisdom." Demetrius hesitated at this unforeseen question, and answered in a doubtful tone, "You never could learn metaphysics, Alexis, and I must suit my reason to your comprehension. Our power is real, and therefore undisguised; haughty, and perhaps too rigid; women steal theirs, and can only preserve it by artifice, blandishment, and seeming submission.—The very strength of our superiority excites them to rebel; and the softness of their usurpation prevents us from resisting." Alexis smiled again, as he rejoined, "You have explained the secret, Count! but why should not lawful power borrow the graces which render even usurpers amiable? And is it very certain that women govern when men say they are subdued? If they are swayed

only by artifice and blandishment, their vanity not their love degrades them. They delight in the worship, not the worshipper, and are most selfish when they seem to sacrifice themselves."

These truths were not new, but Demetrius had never been so well disposed to hear them. When he reviewed the past, he could not avoid confessing to his own heart, that all the errors he had chosen to ascribe to the Empress Catharine's attractions, had been instigated by self-love or ambition. And when he remembered his pupil's first question, he felt that pleasure, if it was indeed the privileged purpose of his existence, had been misunderstood or unsuccessfully pursued. More willing to prejudice Alexis than to confess his own mistake, he gave him long and vehement cautions against the selfishness, frivolity, and deceit of woman, to whom he attributed all the intrigues of courts and the perplexities of statesmen. Alexis treasured his precepts with grateful attention, though the first motive of the Count's conduct had been self-interest. But the affection which grew in Demetrius for his prisoner shewed how naturally men love whatever proves and acknowledges their superiority. The usual bland and beneficial influence of such affections gradually recalled the festivity of his temper and the gentler graces of his manners. He saw in the improved talents of the young forester something which he prized, because it seemed his own creation; and admired the native simplicity of his character as men admire the rose, not merely for its delicate glow, but for the modest elegance of the folds which envelope it. Perhaps those mysterious folds render it the best emblem of that beauty which always decays when fully displayed.

The third year of the supposed Iwan's imprisonment ended without detection, or any change, except in the governor himself. His visits became shorter and less frequent; his conversation vague and reserved. Alexis endeavored to requite his former kindness by unwearied efforts to amuse him, but his pencil and flageolet obtained no regard: and his indirect request for farther aid in the studies he had begun, was almost petulantly chidden. During one of these brief and

cheerless visits, Alexis said. "You have made me a musician and a painter; and if you had found talents, would have raised me into a politician and a philosopher: but in one science I was a proficient without your aid." "In what?" asked the governor, starting from a fit of gloomy abstraction. "In physiognomy," replied Alexis, "or I should not have trusted your promise in the woodman's hut, nor your honor now, when it is so strongly assailed." The Count's fixed eye expressed the deepest consciousness and surprise, while Alexis added, "Hear the extent of my science! You have another prisoner in this fortress. Your secret instructions are to keep her unseen by your garrison, and to gain her confidence by every possible blandishment. Above all, you are required to prevent Prince Iwan from discovering that the Princess Sophia, his only sister, is an inmate here." "There are traitors in my garrison, then!" replied the governor, sternly. "Several, my lord! but the greatest, perhaps, is your own heart. Dare you be convinced?"

It requires great courage or great skill to undeceive self-love, and still greater to be undeceived. But Alexis was right when he estimated his friend's candor by his own, and expected the most difficult and generous concession. The Count gave him his hand as he answered—"You are right: the Princess Sophia was brought here six months since by the agents of her brother's enemy, who knows that her pretensions may be dangerous. But though I no longer love the empress, I am her faithful officer, and I demand the source of your information. Shew me the errors of my judgment, and it will be no pain to correct them."

Alexis smiled as he pointed to a curtained recess in his prison, and requested Demetrius to conceal himself behind it. After a very short interval of profound silence, the door of which Demetrius believed he possessed the only master key was gently opened, and a female entered muffled in a long dark cloak, and disguised by a mask exactly resembling Alexis, who met his visitor with a gracious air. "Ah, prince!" said a most enchanting voice, "how strange that misery

should have so few friends! I have tried all the influence of smiles and flattery on your jailer, but he will not connive at your escape. Let us have patience, however, and his blind zeal will defeat itself. For your sake I act the part of a captive princess, and in due time he shall find I can rescue a prince." "For what purpose," replied Alexis, "do you cover your fair face with an imitation of one so inferior?" "Speak low and listen! Menzikoff, your adherent, comes to-night with a troop of horse to surprise the fortress. This cloak and vest, exactly resembling yours, and this waxen mask laid skilfully on your pillow, will deceive the governor when he looks in at midnight; and now while the bribed sentinel keeps watch, we can escape together." "Not to night, woman!" exclaimed Alexis, suddenly winding his hand in her long black hair—"the count has had his sealed instructions, and you have had your's. You are no princess, no friend of the house of Mechlenbergh: your trade is a courtesan's—you came here a spy and a betrayer, deputed to ensnare the governor by claiming his compassion as an injured prisoner."

The beautiful culprit fell on her knees—"Pardon me, prince! I never hoped to deceive you by personating your sister, for I knew you could not fail, when you saw me, to detect the difference in our persons. But believe me, I am not so guilty as to be without remorse. I was sent here by the empress, who suspects Demetrius—I came with the escort of a state prisoner, and he believes me an unfortunate princess whom he ought to respect and console." "And you,—wretch!" interrupted Alexis, "you design to throw him on a scaffold by contriving my escape." "No, I swear! had he been ready to gain what he believed, the favor of a princess, or proud of his power to insult a prisoner, I should have ruined him without regret, and laughed at the easiness of the task. But his faith has been so loyal, and his trust in me so generous, that I have resolved to save you both. I have been often loved, but never respected before, and it has taught me to respect myself." Then freeing her hair from the failing grasp of Alexis, she threw

open his prison-door, and fled towards the outlet, where means of escape were well provided. But Alexis disdained to follow a woman who would have known him to be an imposter if she had not been one herself.

During this strange conference, the governor departed from the curtained recess through a door known only to himself, and, assembling his most faithful officers, gave strict and skilful orders to guard every point of the fortress. A chosen troop was detached to watch the subterranean entrance; and before these precautions were completed, they were justified by Menzikoff's approach. He came at the head of a well-armed battalion, and demanded his prince, Iwan of Mechlenbergh. The governor paused in complicated agonies. His secret orders from the empress contained a warrant for Iwan's instant execution, if a rescue should be attempted. He could not disobey these orders without forfeiting his own life, nor execute them unless he sacrificed his preserver. Only one expedient remained—he might release the supposed Iwan through a secret gate, and perish himself in defending the fortress. Thus, at least, he could die unstained with murder, and unsuspected of treason: and he hastily descended towards the prison-vaults to bid Alexis farewell. A man standing at their entrance sprang forward to meet him. It was Iwan himself! "Demetrius!" he exclaimed, "I know all. Take back your prisoner—you have been a generous enemy, and your life shall not be endangered. The innocent must not perish in my stead." Surprise, gratitude, and anguish, rendered the count dumb, but only for an instant—"None shall perish!" he suddenly replied—"a blessed thought visits me—and rushing into the prison-chamber, he seized the vest, cloak, and waxen mask brought to represent Iwan. I soldier killed by a random musket-shot lay on the ramparts. Favored by the darkness of night, the governor wrapped him in the royal mantle, and covered his face with the beautiful mask and glossy ringlets attached to it. Then summoning his guards, and waving a signal-flag on the turret—"Menzikoff!" he said, through a trumpet—"behold your

prince!" The bleeding body and lifeless face were exposed to the assembly; and Menzikoff, believing his treacherous purpose fulfilled, dismissed the troop whose assault had furnished a pretext for Iwan's death. The garrison reposed on their arms, and the governor returned once more to his private chamber, where the prince awaited him. "Prince! your life is saved, and my task here is finished. You are my prisoner only till to-morrow, when I shall have resigned all the offices and honors bestowed on me by a sovereign I have served too long. I only ask you to accompany me from this fortress, and to promise peace with the empress, whom I will not betray, though she has not recompensed me."

"Russia will never hear of my existence," replied Iwan; "a monk's cowl sits easier than a crown: but you shall not depart uncompensated. My sister, the true Princess of Mechlenbergh, is in this fortress. Her bold and generous spirit tempted her to aid your Cossack in contriving my escape, and she has been my representative too long. Her danger determined me to return; for I knew the purport of your secret orders. The lovely and deceitful minion sent to allure you, is an imposter; and you will find my sister in Alexis."

The sequel requires few words. Before the lapse of another day, the governor of Schlussemburgh surrendered all his appointments, and with only his own small wealth, retired under a feigned name to Italy. There he received the sister of Iwan, and his blessing as a brother and a priest, at the altar of a monastery, where the prince ended his days in peace and obscurity. Demetrius spent a longer and more useful life with the Princess Sophia, whom he loved to call Alexia, while she delighted in remembering by what gentle devices his affection had been fixed on her in the simple forester's garb she had first assumed to aid her brother. She lived to hear him confess of what courage, fidelity, and self-sacrifice a woman may be capable, and to discover that men have few faults which cannot be ameliorated by her influence.

THE PARISIAN.

No one ever saw a summer evening in Provence without pleasure; but a father only can judge of the delight it brings when its mild and beautiful hour is appointed for the arrival of a darling child. The Baron de Salency was seated in such an hour under the light colonnade which fronted his chateau, watching every swell of the superb river before him, and imagining he heard the oars of the boatmen sent to bring his only grand-daughter to her paternal home. "How much delight I expect from Henrielle's society!" he said, as the Baroness leaned on his chair—"this lovely hour has always appeared to me the richest picture of a kind father's old age. Henrielle is young, and has been instructed to love us: we shall easily shape her mind according to our wishes; and now at least, in the second generation of our offspring, we have had experience enough to blend what is best in our contrary opinions."

"Certainly," replied the Baroness, raising herself into a haughty attitude, "you may find ample scope for your experiments in a child educated we know not where or how! We must atone for the folly of our son's rash marriage, by qualifying his daughter for a splendid entrance into life. Sprightly wit, talents for exhibition, and an imposing demeanor, are the stage-effect or decoration of a woman's virtue. Like the trampoline-board our opera-dancers use, none rise high without it." A boat, whose progress had been concealed by the shrubby edges of the river, now touched the landing-place, and a young person in deep mourning approached the colonnade, alone and trembling. The Baron and Baroness met her with a gracious air of encouragement; but the timid stranger only kissed their hands in tears and silence. "Where," said her grandmother, "is the letter promised by our son?" Henrielle cast down her eyes weeping, and answered, after long hesitation, "Ah, madam! all is lost—the letter—the jewels—all that my father

gave me as testimonials in my favor were stolen last night." Urgent inquiries followed this confession, but she could only inform her hearers that she had travelled from Paris under the escort of a notary and a female servant long employed by her father. Both had accompanied her to Arles, where she slept, expecting their attendance till she reached the Chateau de Salency; and both departed during the night with the small ivory box which contained her treasure. The Baron heard this strange narrative without comment; and his wife, coldly receding a few steps, took an exact and stern survey of her supposed grand-daughter. But the ominous pause was interrupted by the arrival of a cabriole, from whence a lovely young woman sprang, and threw herself at the Baroness de Salency's feet. "From whom do I receive this gracious homage?" said the Baroness, smiling on her beautiful visitor. "From your grand-daughter, Henrielle de Salency! I see my father in your countenance, and my homage here can never be misplaced—" Then drawing a sealed letter from her bosom, she presented it to the Baron with an exquisite grace which insured the kindness it solicited. He saw the hand-writing of a beloved son, the most powerful testimonial in favor of the bearer, whose features perfectly resembled his. She had the same brilliant jet-black eyes, the same full half opening lips covered with the richest vermillion, and a smile expressing the very spirit of innocence. The Baron extended his arms to welcome the grandchild his heart acknowledged, forgetting at that instant the forlorn stranger he had already received; but his wife, with a sneer which seemed to commend her own superior sagacity, exclaimed—"Do you know this impostor, Mademoiselle de Salency?" As if that title had belonged to her, the first claimant advanced to speak, looking earnestly at her opponent, and covered her face. The second Henrielle laid her hands on her grandfather, and, throwing back the rich ringlets

which shaded her large bright eyes, whispered, "Do not overwhelm her with reproaches. She is the daughter of an artful woman who nursed me in my childhood, and knew all my mother's family concerns. She left me suddenly on the road to Paris, but not before she had twice attempted to steal this casket, which contains my father's portrait, and documents sufficient, perhaps, to have supported an imposture." At the sight of this important casket in her rival's hand, the pretended Henrielle gave a cry of agony, and fainted. The Baroness led her acknowledged grand-daughter to another apartment; her husband followed after a short interval, and the remainder of the evening was devoted to inquiries which their Henrielle answered with the promptitude of truth and the grace of polished suavity. When they had retired to their own apartment, the Baroness inquired if he had consigned the intruder to the correctional police—"No, madam; I have a fitter tribunal, I think in my own heart." "Can you doubt the baseness of a stratagem so obvious and ill-sustained?" "I doubt nothing, Baroness, so often as the accuracy of human judgment. If this unhappy stranger has been swayed by the criminal ambition and authority of her mother, let us ascribe the heaviest portion of her crime to her instructor; if she has been the pupil of fraud and avarice, let us try the influence of generous tuition." "Under my roof!" retorted the Baroness, with a glance of scorn: her husband answered by leading her towards an exquisite piece of sculpture representing the celebrated Grecian mother recalling her truant child from the edge of a precipice by displaying her bountiful bosom. "This Greek fable, Adelaide, is memorable, because it teaches us how to retrieve a wanderer—not by frowns, but by the milk of human kindness. And the Shakspeare of English divines says truly—'the young tendrils and early blossoms of the mind hardly bear a breath, but when age has hardened them into a stem, they may meet a storm unbroken.' He spoke of love, but he might have said this of virtue. We will remember it; and, since there are gentle feelings in the supposed impostor, they shall be fostered by

kindness. The cloak of fraud is aptest to fall off when the heart is warmed."

"It is torn away already!" interrupted the Baroness. "The letter—the casket—the documents it contained—all or any one of these was sufficient to detect her. And Henrielle's beautiful resemblance to her father——" "We shall see," rejoined M. de Salency, "how far it extends. This incident will acquaint us with her heart; and if it knows how to pity error, it is not capable of many." The Baroness took refuge in sleep, but her husband remained in uneasy musings on the peril of deciding between the two claimants. His son, the most infallible arbiter, was no longer in France, and many months might elapse before he could answer an appeal, even if the chances of war permitted him to receive it. Henry de Salency, the father of Henrielle, had been a husband and a widower unknown to his parents, and had not ventured to recommend his only daughter to their care till his departure on a distant and dangerous expedition had softened the pride of his mother, and left his father desolate. Tender to whatever claimed affinity with this beloved son, the Baron determined that even the soi-disant Henrielle should not be abandoned to poverty and shame. None of his domestics knew with what pretensions she had arrived, and she might be retained among them as an attendant on his acknowledged grand-daughter; an office sufficiently abject to punish her presumption, yet indulgent enough to encourage reformation. In the morning this decree was announced. The offender heard it with a start of surprise, followed by a glow perhaps of gratitude, at a sentence milder than the public dismissal she had probably expected. Henrielle exclaimed, with a pleading smile, "I shall be charmed to retain my foster-mother's daughter near me. She often spoke of her Henriana, and the Baron will allow me to give you that name, though it resembles mine too nearly." "Certainly I consent," he answered, "but my plan must be changed to suit it. She shall be retained as your companion, not your soubrette; for no name that resembles my son's ought to be connected with ignominy."

Madame de Salency expressed her opinion of this change by indignant frowns, and in private by severe expostulations. Her husband only answered drily, "Recollect, we have not yet identified our grand-daughter." But the Baroness acted as if the identity was beyond dispute, and Paris was soon employed in praising the splendid debut of the heiress. Her wit, her graces, and her accomplishments, were the theme of its highest circles, and certainly vouched for the elegant education she professed to have received from her mother, of whom she often spoke with lavish praise. But Henriana, when questioned respecting her's, only answered, "I never wish to speak of my mother—She had so many virtues which I never understood till now, so many cares for me that I might have repaid better—my deepest grief is to remember her."

No one appeared to regard what these words implied: and her character, contrasted with Henrielle's, resembled the Provençal rose, whose cold whiteness is scarcely tinged with a blush, compared to the bright scarlet tulip. An impenetrable *mauvaise honte* covered talents which she really possessed, while an air always easy, confident and caressing, gave her rival that elegance which is said to be the result of conscious dignity and tranquil happiness. The Baroness, once herself the reigning belle of Paris, determined to raise her new favorite to the same height by splendid and incessant galas. On her birthday, according to the graceful custom still preserved there, Henrielle presided at a festival designed for its celebration; and flowers, the usual tributes, were brought in beautiful abundance to the pavilion where she sat. A young stranger, pressing through the crowd, placed himself near her. "Your father," said he, "could not send his favorite flowers to-day, but he charged me to offer this substitute—" and he presented a bouquet of jewels arranged to represent a *poppy* and a *lily* interwoven. These symbols, once considered sacred to the deity of marriage, caused a smiling change in the receiver's aspect, while the Baron gravely cast his eyes on the letter brought to him by the giver. But the assembly's attention was diverted by the entrance of an aged and blind woman,

supported by her children, who led her towards the queen of the festival. She carried a basket filled with Provençal roses, which she kissed and wept over. "I have nothing more to offer, mademoiselle!" said she; "but these roses are fresh from the tree your good father planted in my garden." "Ah, Madelon!" exclaimed Henriana, springing towards her—"I have heard him name his kind nurse a thousand times, and that rose-tree was planted on my birth-day!" "Who are you?" replied the old paysanne; "when he planted it, he did not tell me he had a daughter." "No, Madelon," interposed Henrielle, gently taking the flowers from her basket—"on that day your niece Suzette had rejected her lover Lubin by placing nuts on the table, according to your Provençal custom; and he comforted him by a promise to take him to Paris as his valet." "It is the very words of my dear young lord!" returned Madelon, clasping her hands in rapture—"but tell me, is poor Suzette living yet?" Henrielle hesitated, as if fearful to give the poor paysanne affliction: and before she could determine how to reply, a dove flew into the pavilion, and alighted on Henriana's shoulder. It had a paper attached to its foot, inscribed, "*To detect a counterfeit.*" Every eye was fixed on her face, which varied a thousand times from the whiteness of fear and shame to that deep red supposed to announce guilt. But, instead of spurning the innocent bearer of this testimony against her, she allowed it to nestle in her bosom; and, shedding tears, whispered—"Poor bird! an enemy has employed thee, but thou hast not forgotten me." Henrielle smiled on her with a gracious air, as if desiring her to confide in her friendship. And collecting the flowers which had been brought as tributes, with an air of badinage apparently contrived to relieve Henriana, she said; "Are there counterfeits among these offerings? we will submit them, then, to the ordeal both of fire and water." All admired the benevolent attempt to divert attention from the humbled culprit, and the grace with which she dipped the flowers into a perfumed vase, and placed them round the edge of a lamp burning on an antique tripod.

But the flowers were all artificial, and the flame, spreading among them, seized the drapery attached to the pavilion, and the conflagration was general in a few instants. The young stranger, whose gallant gift had introduced him to Henrielle, lost not a moment in carrying her out of the reach of danger; but Henriana, inattentive to herself, caught the blind paysanne in her arms, and saved her from the flames which had already fastened on her. "One would think," said the Baroness, with a scornful air, "that this young woman recognized a relative in our old Madelon! and I now remember—her pert niece Suzette followed our son's Gascon valet to Paris. Since Henriana has evidently no claims to nobility, we cannot give her a fitter retreat than her grand-aunt's, cottage in Provence." "She has nobility at heart, at least," replied M. de Salency—"and if it endures the test next prepared for it, I am satisfied." Without explaining this speech, he descended to the saloon, where the rival claimants were seated; and addressing himself to Henrielle, unfolded the packet brought by the young chevalier Florival. It contained a letter from her father, recommending him to her favor as a suitor highly enriched by nature, though not by fortune, and giving his paternal blessing to their union. Henrielle heard it with the smile of conscious beauty, and a painful glance of mock indifference: the father, perhaps, would have been more gratified if they had been checked by a tender and grateful remembrance of the absent writer. But he withdrew without comment, and returned accompanied by Florival, whose flushed cheek and downcast eye expressed a timid, yet proud, dependence on the recommendation of Henrielle's father. She received him with a charming mixture of assumed unconsciousness and careless encouragement which her grandmother secretly applauded, as the perfection of that coquetry she had once practised herself. "In your presence," said Florival looking respectfully towards the Baroness, "I may request your granddaughter's acceptance of this pledge, which her father hoped you would permit her to attach with her own hand to the pearl necklace

she received from her mother. It was once your gift, and he promised to fill up the vacant place in it when he had found what he thought worthy." And he produced an emerald heart, evidently adapted to some peculiar repository; but his gallant allusion to the color of hope which tinged it, did not produce the smile he probably expected. Henrielle was silent till the Baron requested her to comply with her father's wishes: then, looking compassionately at Henriana, she replied, "It was in my possession yesterday, but it is no longer mine;" and when repeated questions extorted fuller answers, she reluctantly implied that her pearls had been stolen during the confusion caused by the burning pavilion. Henriana remained mute; but the quick heavings of her bosom announced her interest in this scene; and the intelligent glance of accusation cast on her by Henrielle, turned Florival's thoughts towards her. He had not yet heard the mysterious tale of her supposed imposture; and her mourning dress, her retiring attitude, and modest eyes, over which she had drawn her fine hair embellished only by a simple sprig from the rose-tree loved by her father, fixed his pity and attention. "Speak, that we may see you," says an old philosopher who had the benefit of a woman's instruction. Florival understood this hint, and he addressed his conversion to Henriana, hoping to penetrate her character. If he had been touched by the meek simplicity of her aspect, he was now impressed by what might be called the holiness of innocence in her calm and proud reserve. But the Baroness, enraged at the suspicion which the absence of the necklace seemed to excite in her husband, busied herself in public and vehement complaints of the theft. The pearls had been often worn by her, were of the richest oriental kind, and of a shape so singular that they could be easily identified. All the domestics and spectators employed on the day of the fete were traced by police-officers, but no discovery resulted. Florival, apparently heedless of the event, continued his visits at the Baron's hotel, where he was received with vague, but inviting blandishments by Henrielle, and with placid cold-

ness by Henriana. As his regard seemed fixed on the prosperous heiress, the latter gradually avoided his presence, and left him in full enjoyment of the wit and smiles which had attained such celebrity. On one of these occasions, she absented herself to seek Madelon's humble residence, and offer her a price for the cherished rose-tree. She found her knitting in her little garden-porch with the happy thoughtlessness of second childhood; but at the first glance Henriana recognized the pearl necklace hanging round her neck! A moment was given to silent astonishment before she inquired by what means it had fallen into her possession. "This?" returned the old paysanne, stroking her sunburnt throat—"this was my grandson's gift on my saint's day." "Madelon!" said Henriana, gently detaining her hand—"recollect yourself—these pearls belong to the family De Salency!" The blind woman started up with a fierce gesture—"Wretch! vile wretch! you have profited by my blindness to steal my necklace, and substitute another!" Her cries brought a robust young man from the interior of her habitation; but as he ran to her assistance, he appeared to recognize Henriana, and hesitated, "Speak for me, Lubin!" exclaimed his grandmother: "You well know I have no pearls—the chain you gave me was of beads." Lubin hung down his head, and a deep blush rose even to his forehead—"Mademoiselle, pardon and believe me! I was tempted—I was paid to bring your dove to the pavilion with the billet written by—by her who wore the necklace of pearls: they were dropped near me—I did not guess their value, and—I gave them to La Bonne." "Well," replied Henriana, "she loved my father, and you are safe—Dare you confide the pearls to me?" The rich glow of Lubin's heart burned through his saffron cheek—"Gracious lady! you saved my helpless grandmother from the flames, and we owe you the service of our whole lives." Henriana replied, "The time may come when you shall receive more than the value of these pearls: let Madelon accompany me."

The old paysanne rested on her grandson's arm, and followed Henriana to the Hotel de

Salency. In the vestibule they met Florival; and advancing a few steps to meet him, Henriana said, "Chevalier, the lost prize is recovered! it fell into the hands of this blind woman, and was worn by her without consciousness of its worth." "I know it already," he answered; "but Henrielle has denounced her to the police, and its agents are on their way to her residence—I was hastening thither myself to favor her escape: let her depart now, for the vengeance will be as sudden as the suspicion." "What! on her father's fostermother!" interrupted Henriana, indignantly—"dares Henrielle shew cruelty even there! take back these pearls, chevalier, since you have brought a bauble to attach to them—give them to your chosen bride, and say they were redeemed by yourself—at your request, perhaps, she will spare this aged woman." "I will protect Madelon, assuredly," replied Florival—"but the heart I brought will never belong to Henrielle—her's is incapable of gratitude, bounty, or compassion. They tell me she has been educated for ornament and refinement, but she has neither been ornamented completely nor refined enough. Flowers are scattered on the surface of her character, but none grow there. The benevolence which ornaments social life, the refinement which governs thoughts and actions, are wholly unknown to her. Self is the sole motive of her graces, her blandishments, and even her virtues, which she assumes not because they are feminine, but because they create her power. It is a power, however, which extends no farther than her own flattered imagination, and I disclaim it from this hour." "Her presence will renew it, chevalier!" returned Henriana, smiling. "No, madame—the rapid remains of wit and beauty exhausted in public crowds would not satisfy me—I expected to find a heart capable of gratitude to an absent father, sincerity to a modest claimant, and tenderness to helpless old age. I have found one, but not in Henrielle." "Be well assured before you decide," said the Baron, entering—"I have brought a final arbitrator." Florival saw the father of Henrielle, and started back. "Do you fear to be assured of this young beauty's poverty?" added the old lord,

sternly. "No, Baron!" returned his young favorite, still retreating—"I only fear to find her unworthy." "This," said Henri de Salency, "is my own Henrielle—my only acknowledged daughter. Her rival, who has wisely taken refuge in flight, obtained the documents and credentials she possessed by a theft which her wretched mother committed to exalt a daughter whose exis-

tence is my reproach. The child of my virtuous wife has shewn the softness and the purity of soul which, like the *poppy* and the *lily*, are the best symbols of domestic happiness; the pain inflicted by her sister's imposture was a penalty I well deserved, by believing that splendid talents might cover a depraved heart, or atone for its unworthiness."

THE BELGIAN.

Albert Altenberg, one of the richest citizens of Brussels, lay on his death-bed with no consolations, except that he had a son capable of atoning for the errors into which avarice had betrayed him. "Herman!" he said, as the young man sat by his bed studying the last expression of his glazing eyes—"I leave you wealthy, and your uncles, if they are still living, have no other heir—but we had once a sister—read these papers, and do justice to my memory." Herman assented by a silent pressure of the hand, which clung to his till it became lifeless. Soon after his father's funeral, an extraordinary change appeared in his character. Instead of the hospitality, the beneficence, and spirit of enterprize, which old Altenberg had been studious to repress, the heir discovered even more frugality and caution than his father. He converted all the scattered wealth he inherited into one fund, but its depository was a profound secret. At length its amount was doubted, and the reserve of his demeanor seemed the consequence of necessary retrenchment. Presently his fellow-citizens discovered that he spent no more than the moderate sum required for mere subsistence; and it was easier to discern that he was poor than that he might be virtuous. His friends gradually changed their assiduous courtesy into those cold and stately condescensions which are practised to humble the receiver. During two or three years he continued to

frequent societies where his entrance was noticed at last only by a scornful smile or a careless familiarity, which he affected to receive with indolent indifference. But the result of suspected poverty was not unfelt, and he had not courage enough to condemn it. He left Brussels in secret, without leaving any trace of his route, as some supposed to join the Emperor Joseph's army as a volunteer, or, as many more believed, to perish by suicide.

The great clock of a noted inn at Brussels had struck twelve, when the half-clothed waiting damsel ran into one of the most crowded dormitories, and shaking a sleeper's shoulder, exclaimed in his ear, "Monsieur! monsieur has mistaken the room—this bed is engaged to a lady." "This bed!" returned the angry traveler—"this vile composition of rushes and fir-shavings! Must a man be disturbed even in purgatory?" The soubrette, arranging the stiff wings of her cap, began an oration on the lady's prior claims, and the guest professed his belief that women belong to one of the nine classes of demons supposed by a Flemish doctor. "Sir," said a young student from Gotten-gen, "it is some consolation to know that every great man for the last forty-two centuries has been equally tormented." "A glorious comfort, truly!" retorted the grumbler, "that three or four hundred fools have been remembered by greater fools than

themselves! I want neither Skinkius, nor Jacobus de Dondin, nor Grunnius Coracotta, to tell me why women love to teaze and a goose to go barefoot."

This torrent was interrupted in his way down-stairs by meeting the cause of his disturbance, a plain ancient gentle-woman, whose ugliness restored him to good-humor. Grace or beauty would have made him furious, by lessening his pretext for spleen: and as angry men usually submit to any evil they are allowed to murmur at, the mal-content seated himself in "grim repose" by the kitchen-fire. There some Belgian soldiers were congratulating themselves on their future quarters at the farm of a decrepit and solitary widow, celebrated for wealth and avarice. Their new auditor, concealed in a recess, listened to their ribaldry, perhaps for the first time, without disgust, because his misanthropy found an excuse in the vices of others. Before the dawn of a morning over-cast with Belgian fogs, a diligence left this inn-door, containing only M. Von Grumboldt and one female passenger. Our traveler, with no small chagrin, recognised the close coif and grey redingote of his midnight disturber, while she quietly considered his singular aspect. Very little of his face was visible, except the contemptuous curl of his under lip, and the prominence of that feature which is said to express disdain. A broad hat, enormous boots, and a coarse wide wrapping coat, deprived his figure of all symmetry or character, except that of a busy and important burgomaster. As the daylight increased, M. Von Grumboldt discovered indications of curiosity, shrewishness, and other feminine virtues, in the thin lips and wrinkled forehead of his meagre companion, especially when she ventured an inquiry respecting the next inn. A cup of coffee at Quatre-Bras, since so celebrated in military annals, removed a few furrows from his brow, and enabled him to perceive that it was prepared by a fair and well-shaped hand, decorated with a ring of some value. But he chose to sleep, till suddenly seeing the place of his destination, he alighted from the diligence with no other ceremony than an abrupt and scowling farewell. His humble fellow-traveler continued her

journey a few hours longer, and when the carriage stopped at the end of a lonely lane, among the cornfields which surrounded her residence, she entered it on foot, without any attendant. Though the night was far advanced, no one seemed to have awaited her coming, and the Brussels diligence was soon far out of sight. Lighted by a full harvest-moon, she was selecting her steps with Flemish neatness and nonchalance along the solitary avenue, when a man's shadow crossed her path. She looked up calmly, though not without a sense of danger, and saw the traveler who had called himself Von Grumboldt. His lingering pace and muffled figure might have justified suspicion, but she only said, "We are still travelers, it seems, on the same road." "Do you walk alone, and at this hour, to the White Farm?" returned Von Grumboldt, in a low voice—"Take my arm, then—we may be useful to each other." Hesitation would have been danger, and she yielded to the offer without shrinking, though the pressure of her arm against a concealed pistol, and the motion of a sabre as she walked by his side, seemed to reveal his true purpose. "It is strange," she said, trembling, "that I see no lantern's light, and no one here to meet me!" Her escort was silent till they reached the square court-yard of the farm, sheltered, according to Belgian fashion, on three sides by the mansion and its wings. All was desolately dark, and the defenceless mistress, gathering courage from her danger, said, in a frank tone, "Let us enter—though my servant is heedless, and probably absent, I shall find enough to furnish a supper for my protector." "Dare you trust me, then?" returned Von Grumboldt, in a tone which betrayed strong emotion. "You have not wronged yourself—but this is no place for you—here is but one concealment among the hollow elms round the dove-cot." "You are no stranger here!" she exclaimed, firmly. "Trust me only a little longer," he answered—"but wait for my signal." The courageous woman took her station in the hollow elm to which he pointed, and his gentle knock at the farm door was answered from the window by a ruffian-voice—"Why

so late, Casper? It will be day before we find her hoards." Von Grumboldt's reply was a shrill whistle, and six men concealed among the elms rushed through the unbarred door into the farm-house, while their guide seized the ruffian admitted by a treacherous servant. He and his accomplice were soon in irons, while the armed stranger returned to seek the mistress of the mansion he had preserved from plunder. "These are my soldiers, madam," said he, in a gentler tone; "and you will not refuse their colonel permission to be your guest. I heard the business of this night planned by the felons who designed to execute it; therefore I chose to assist in its defeat myself." The modest Flemish farmeress looked at her preserver with a respectful silence more affecting than words, and taking the diamond ring from her finger, offered it to his—"I have not forgotten your invitation," said the colonel, resuming his blunt austerity, while he brushed a sudden moisture from his eyes—"you will find a voracious guest at your supper-table." Without blushing at the humility of the task our heroine arranged the ample contents of her store-room on her best table, and provided an abundant sideboard for her new visitor's attendants. A chamber, whose neat furniture had chiefly proceeded from her own distaff, was allotted to the colonel, who would not have chosen to confess, even on the rack, how many tender and deep regrets haunted his pillow. Almost at daybreak he rose, and found his hostess busied in her simple domestic avocations. "I do not ask you," said she, "to admire my garden-vines, or the beautiful slope of this valley, for they appear to be remembered." "Perhaps," replied her guest, "they resemble—or remind me of scenes long past—and who can remember the past without regret? But though you have the goodness to ask nothing; I am come to claim a reward." The farmeress raised her eyes from the spiced bowl she was preparing for the first repast, and considered the speaker's countenance. If the lower part contained those strong lines and curves which students suppose to indicate the darker passions, his clear eye and ample forehead would have impressed the

most unlearned observer with an idea of vigorous intellects and a rapid spirit. While she paused, the Belgian officer was equally attentive to her looks, but his glance was an inquisition and his smile a satire; for he secretly derided the vain coquetry which he thought expressed in her hesitation. And with more coldness than respect, he added, "The premium I ask for a trifling and accidental service, is to remain a few days or weeks in this house. It suits my military duties, my love of rural manners, and my health, which a terrible disorder has laid waste." His entertainer answered, with a kinder smile, "My father was a physician, educated in Antwerp; he bequeathed me a book which contains the symptoms and remedies best ascertained; and I think your illness has a well-known name." The colonel, scowling contemptuously, bade his doctress proceed. "It is the malady of poets, philosophers, statesmen, and kings—the symptoms are a leaden color, a hollow eye, a sour smile, and a venomous wit—it is called wisdom, but its true name is melancholy." Struck by the boldness of this speech, Von Grumboldt forced a painful laugh, and desired to know the remedy. "Old Finius of Antwerp," said she, closing the volume from which she had seemed to quote, "would have prescribed six hundred herbs, the bone found in a stag's heart, a ring made from a wolf's hoof—or perhaps a cup of wine: but my father taught me another remedy, which I keep among my hoards—those which the robbers could not find." Her guest, silenced by confused and sudden feelings, followed into the next apartment, where, supported by pillows in an easy chair, sat an aged man, whose pale grey eye and fixed features shewed the quiet imbecility of second childhood. But the deep seams in his forehead, the knotted muscles about his lip, and the strong contraction of his dark eye-brows, also indicated what malignant passions had once been busy there. A boy and two infant girls were busied in wreathing his footstool with the forget-me-not, and other beautiful wild-flowers, so abundant in the fields near Waterloo. "This unfortunate man," said Von Grumboldt's conductress, "was tempted by

anxious fondness for his children to confuse his sister's fortune with his own, which vanished away as if the embezzled part had been a brand that consumed the whole.—Those who aided him to rob her are gone, and no one remembers him. When I feel the beginning of that distrustful, envious, peevish, and timorous spirit which the world calls melancholy, I look at this forlorn old man and those orphan children; and their gratitude makes my heart good." The colonel shuddered as he replied, "Is this human ruin an enlivening spectacle? And those orphans, whose dependence is the school of craft, envy, and avarice! is not their fate a motive rather than a medicine for melancholy?" "It might be," answered the matron, "if I held myself responsible for events, but I am satisfied with good intentions, and leave their success to another arbiter. Though this human vegetable is not conscious of my presence, and never soothed by my caresses—though those children may be unquiet, sordid, or deceitful, it is pleasure enough to love and deserve to be loved by them." "Ah madam!" said her guest, uncovering his head with an emotion of respect he had not felt before, "you have said truly that gratitude makes the heart good, but ungrateful men have corrupted mine. The horrible weariness of life, the death of spirit which comes upon me every day, has no remedy. I have learned to hope, to esteem, and to cherish nothing—but I remember every thing—and this terrible remembrance, this cruel experience of false and hollow hearts, convinces me that even your bounty is a melancholy illusion. It will make one ungrateful and two discontented—it will leave you in a desolate old-age with no employment but to hate and regret." "My good friend, I have not yet told you my father's most precious prescription. Many, perhaps, equalled him in science, a few in eloquence—but what a divine world would this be if all resembled him in gentleness! His only maxim was, "*Forget evil*"—and there is in those two words a talisman which assuages the heart, lightens the head, and composes all enmities. Was your frightful langor and despair present while you rescued

me from robbery and assassination?" "No, because we cannot remember injuries while we are conferring benefits: but benefits are forgotten!" "Ah! now you shew me the gangrene of the wound—you have been misunderstood and insulted. Well, take courage—I have been charged with improvidence in my youth, because it was easier to trust than to suspect; and now I am called a miser by those who cannot know for whom I am amassing a future competence." "You seem poor, then, only to enrich others!" said the discontented man, sighing—"but is it necessary to suffer this rustic and laborious servitude, with the ignominy of imputed avarice, for the benefit of alien children and an insensible man, whose wretchedness is his due punishment?" "It is not necessary, perhaps," she replied, "but he is my brother, and was my enemy! I must pity and relieve his wretchedness, unless I endure the misery of hating him, which would be greater even than his. And the evil he caused me ceased when I forgot it." Von Grumboldt started, and examined her with wild and eager eyes, while she added,—"This is my cure for melancholy: I cannot give you the Antwerp physician's talisman, but the ring you received from me last night may have equal virtue. It is the only legacy I designed for a nephew noble enough to abstain from borrowed wealth, and to redeem his father's honor by retiring himself into poverty, though with such a bitter feeling of its disadvantages."

Neither the natural sang-froid of a Belgian, nor the acquired sternness of a veteran, could repress the soldier's tears, when he recognized his father's sister, so long lost and so deeply injured. This interview, this opportunity to offer an ample restitution of all that her brother had accumulated unjustly, completed his only wish and most sacred purpose, which had been baffled many years by the humble seclusion she had chosen from generous motives. Thus having retrieved his father's name from blemish, he appeared again in Brussels among his former friends, who readily paid to the successful and distinguished Colonel Von G—the homage they refused to Herman Altenberg in his

supposed indigence. But he had learned its true value, and preferred the White Farm where his benevolent aunt resided in the loveliness of charity and peace. She bequeathed him all that his filial integrity had restored

to her, but he divided it among her less fortunate relatives, reserving only the ring, which, by recalling the beauty of patience and forgiveness to his recollection, became his talisman against melancholy.

THE SPANIARD.

Among the noble visitors assembled at Bareges, near the French Pyrenees, none were more distinguished than the Conde Manuel del Tormes and his beautiful wife Juana. The disproportion of their ages, characters, and exteriors was a subject of surprise to every young cavalier, and of pity to every Spanish matron. His shrivelled forehead, bloated eyes, and cadaverous complexion, in which the jaundice of spleen and suspicion was added to the olive tint given by his native climate, afforded a fearful contrast to the soft youthful countenance of his consort. After a short and reluctant stay at these celebrated medicinal springs, the Conde suddenly announced his intended return to Madrid; where the pomp attached to his high official station soothed his pride, and prevented the indolent ennui which diseased his imagination. While he addressed his commands to Donna Juana, a page entered with a small packet, which he received without casting his eye upon it and put into his vest. But Juana saw it with very uneasy sensations, knowing that it contained a pair of valuable bracelets which a jeweler at Bareges had been privately ordered to prepare for her. Severely confined by her husband's jealous parsimony, she had been tempted to commit the fault common to inexperienced wives—the dangerous fault of trusting disobedience to secrecy. Either by heedlessness or design, the bracelets, which had never been intended to meet her lord's eye, had fallen into his hands; and a detection, aggravated by attempted concealment,

would be the inevitable result. That quickness of invention so unfortunately peculiar to woman, prompted her to shape a device which accident seemed to favor. Passing by the room where her husband usually took his siesta, or evening repose; she saw the door half opened, and the ill-fated packet lying on a writing-table surrounded with rouleaus and scattered dollars. The faint light admitted by the closed jalouses of the chamber discovered no one in it, but she heard the deep and slow breathings of a sleeper behind the drapery which shadowed a retired couch. Juana instantly took off her own well-known bracelets, folded and sealed them in a paper shaped like the jeweler's packet, of which the wax did not appear to be broken. It would not be difficult, she believed, to persuade her husband that they had been sent for some slight change or repairs, and the jeweler's discretion might be secured. Secretly blessing Don Manuel's unusual want of curiosity and lethargic humor, Juana stole with a sylph's step into the dusky chamber, and without pausing to wonder at the numerous rouleaus, though the opportunity excited a smile, exchanged her packet for that which lay exposed on the table and fled back. But what surprise, perplexity, and dismay, possessed her, when she broke the wax and beheld, not the bracelets she had ordered, but a magnificent pair, of the rarest Peruvian gold enriched with a medallion representing a young man in a splendid English uniform. Its companion contained a cypher and coronet of diamonds.

Could this be the jeweler's mistake, the stratagem of some gallant stranger, or part of a mystery managed by her husband? Whatever was the truth, her own imprudence and misfortune were irretrievable, as, on her cautious return to the chamber-door, she found it closed and bolted. In silent and profound agony, sharpened by the necessity of disguise, Juana awaited the return of her husband, whose countenance only expressed its usual sullen coldness, while he completed her confusion by enquiring for what purpose she had privately ordered the bracelets which a jeweler had delivered to his page. Unprepared, disordered, and conscious of error, Juana made a timid and hesitating reply, which, though strictly true, had all the aspect of falsehood. She alledged, that compassion for a distressed and deserving artisan, had induced her to order a pair of bracelets, which she had not thought sufficiently important to mention. Don Manuel heard her with a mysterious smile, and carelessly answered, that he had determined to leave Bareges because he had been required to cede the chamber usually allotted to his sister, for the accommodation of one of the numerous strangers lately arrived at the venta where they lodged. This last intelligence explained one part of the fatal mistake committed by Juana, and deepened the possible calamity. She had been seen, perhaps, by the new guest feloniously conveying away his jewels, and leaving in exchange a deposit which he might receive and expose as a token of preference! The loveliest rose-color of modest shame spread over her cheeks at this thought, and her husband throwing the bracelets she had clandestinely purchased into her lap, smiled on her and departed in silence. This silence and this forgiving smile touched her innocent and generous heart with more remorse than his utmost bitterness could have excited. Softened by self-reproach into respectful timidity, she obeyed his commands to prepare for an immediate removal with unusual yet unaffected meekness. During their long journey to Madrid, she received no other notice than a cold monosyllable or an indirect glance, but the spirit of youth and innocence sustained her hopes and her efforts to conciliate. Ma-

ny months passed without any recurrence to the unfortunate mistake at Bareges, when the English ambassadress gave a fete, which all the nobility of Madrid were invited to partake. Juana eagerly embraced the opportunity to seek a friendship with this distinguished lady, half determining to deposit the stolen jewels in her hands, that they might be restored to their owner by her aid. Many officers of high rank, attendants on the "Great Lord," were mingled with the assembly, whose chief attention was fixed on the Conde del Tormes' beautiful wife. With that quick and constant suspicion which creates the danger it fears, Juana imagined some peculiar meaning in the occasional glance of a young Englishman, whose military dress resembled the portrait in the bracelet. A thousand blushes pursued each other over her face, and her downcast, yet attentive eye seemed to give assent to the enquiry expressed by his. The gracious gaiety of the ambassadress encouraged her young guest to ask the name of this Englishman. "'Tis my brother," replied her excellency smiling, "and he dares not ask an introduction to any Spanish belle because he has forfeited my favor by his negligence." Juana hazarded another question which her entertainer's sprightly tone invited, and the ambassadress uncovering her arm answered, "He promised to bring me bracelets of your purest Peruvian gold for this night, and you see me without any! Listen to his excuse and praise its ingenuity. He tells me that his usual infirmity of walking in his sleep seized him at Bareges, where he dreamed that a music book lay before him, in which a Spanish ballad so strongly touched his fancy, that to distinguish the page, he left a folded paper in it; when he awoke, the packet which contained the bracelets intended for me, was gone. He remembers the room, the ballad, and the music-book, in which he pretends that he deposited it, most accurately: and if I may believe him, the ballad was—" "One of Lopez de Vega's," hastily interrupted Juana, and the music book was mine. We left Bareges suddenly before the owner of the bracelets could be guessed; but I have brought them to-night, hoping that your kindness might assist me

in restoring them." The ambassadress, with a smile full of benignity and archness, received the bracelets from the young countess, whose blushes announced how much she doubted whether she owed most to the delicate invention of the brother or the sister. But during the remainder of the evening, her release from a dangerous dilemma gave an elastic ease to her movements, and a new lustre to her countenance, of which more than one eye was fatally observant.

The gala extended far beyond midnight, and the brother of the fair giver was among the latest lingerers. Morning shone through the trellis of his balcony when he reached his bedchamber, where he saw, with great surprise, a large wooden chest, which had been brought, as his servant informed him, only a few minutes before his return, by three strangers, who had received his orders, they said, to lodge it there with great precaution. Our Englishman prudently dismissed his valet before he unfastened the lid of this mysterious coffer and raised the large folds of white linen within. Beneath them lay the lifeless body of Juana, in the rich attire she had worn at his sister's banquet, with a chain of Peruvian gold twisted tightly round her neck, and tied in a fatal knot. Her right hand wore a white glove; the left was bare and disfigured by deep wounds. At this frightful spectacle a cry of horror escaped Clanharold; but presently recollecting his disordered senses, he began to consider what was most expedient at a crisis so perilous. He saw the snare prepared for him, and had terrible proofs of the power, the malice, and the speed of the contriver. The vindictive jealousy which had sacrificed so much loveliness might also thirst for his life, though sheltered by his national importance and family distinction. In a few hours Clanharold had devised and executed the plan which appeared best fitted to his purpose, and several days passed without producing any rumor relative to Juana, except that she had left Madrid with her husband. When the Conde's departure was well ascertained, the young Englishman, whose pride had forbidden any step resembling a retreat, began to feel the policy of quitting Spain. He was

alone in his chamber arranging some important papers when his valet entered leading three armed agents of the police, who instantly conveyed him in a closed carriage to a secret prison. The Bishop of C—— received him there. "You are accused," said the prelate with a stern air, "of seduction and assassination; and though our principles of jurisprudence prohibit any disclosure of the accuser's name and communications, I love England and its laws too much to withhold my protection from an Englishman. Therefore I tell you your valet is your accuser. He saw you in the act of opening a certain coffer, and he directed us where to find it buried, in the orangery under your balcony. You grow pale, and he has spoken truth!" "In England," replied Clanharold after a short pause, "I should have appealed to its laws to protect me from imprisonment on an unconfirmed pretence, and to my reputation for an answer to such a charge. It is no boast to say, that Englishmen are not familiar with that ferocious passion which urges men to murder what they cannot possess or have possessed too long. When I tell you this, I only tell you that we are not monsters." Innocence itself would have shrunk from the Spaniard's eye as he answered. "You are aware, then, that he accuses you of assassinating a woman!" Clanharold felt the rashness of this speech, and the inference it admitted, but baffled his inquisitor by retorting "can he prove it?" Stung by the contempt in Clanharold's smile, the bishop exclaimed, "The proof of innocence rests with you. A female strangled and cruelly wounded was conveyed to your dwelling at midnight by men hired as accomplices, but now witnesses of the crime. I adjure you as a minister of justice, and as the friend of your nation's honor, which your public examination would endanger, to confess the truth. Where was the corpse deposited?" "I know of none!" replied Clanharold firmly; "nor have I admitted any knowledge of the men you name. I have held no secret and dishonorable intercourse in Spain either with the living or the dead. This is my answer, and the last I shall repeat." The prelate smiled indignantly and

departed. But notwithstanding his first emotions of anger at the prisoner's haughty defiance, his habitual caution, joined to some generous feelings, enforced, perhaps, by the respect due to Clanharold's nation, rank, and family, suspended his proceedings even beyond the usual degree of Spanish tardiness. Wearied with the misery of an imprisonment which seemed purposely protracted, Clanharold's pride sunk at length under the anxious entreaties of his sister, and he consented to avail himself of her aid. About this period, her husband's official station rendered another public banquet necessary, and she studiously included the Bishop of C—— among her guests. In the chief saloon, where the most numerous and brilliant part of the assembly were engaged in the Bolero, a stranger suddenly entered, whose extraordinary deportment and attire fixed every eye upon him. A mantle of grey silk, strangely painted, was wrapped round him; his feet were bare, and his head covered with a large hat of plaited straw, interwoven with flowers. This fantastic figure moved slowly round the room, looking wildly yet familiarly on the assembly, and waving the remnant of a white glove stained with blood. The females among the crowd endeavored to hide themselves from the intrusion of a maniac, but a few cavaliers ventured to surround and question him. Still waving the glove, he only answered, "*My Master's secret.*" No one of the ambassador's household had seen this person enter, or could guess from whence he came; but the ambassadress leading the Bishop of C—— towards him, directed his attention to the fragment of a gold chain concealed in the stranger's breast. Dismissing every spectator, and closing the doors of the saloon, the bishop laid his hand upon the maniac's shoulder, and attempted to take the golden chain from his vest. With the same vague and fixed smile, he repeated, "*My master's secret,*" and covered it closer in the folds of his silk mantle. "Do you know this hall?" said the inquisitor. "Yes." "And the business of this night?" "It is my master's secret." "But what is your business here?" "Mine is with you!" returned the stranger raising his large eyes with a dark fire in them. "You are a priest,

they say; and I want absolution for *My master's secret!*" he clenched his hands on his breast with a groan which expressed agony even to suffocation, and fell insensible on the ground.

The Judge had a heart worthy his high station among Christian priests, and an understanding superior to the errors of Spanish jurisprudence. He summoned his secretary and two confidential assistants, who conveyed the unhappy stranger to a chamber near the holy tribunal, and carefully recalled his senses. When his eyes opened, they fixed themselves on the mysterious chest, which had been placed before him by the prelate's order. "Has it struck twelve, and is all done so soon? Well, carry it gently—my master is not yet at home." "Carry the torch, then," said the bishop's secretary. "Here are three of us to take the chest." "O the dead weigh heavy! but we will have no torch; I know my way blindfolded." The attendants understanding the motion of their master's eye, raised the chest upon their shoulders, and accompanied their guide through the dark and intricate streets of Madrid, till they reached the house once occupied by Clanharold. Still preceded by the unknown, and followed by the bishop muffled up, they entered the bedchamber where it had been first deposited. "Let us look at her again before we leave her," said the secretary affecting to apply his eye to a chink in the coffer. "It is my master's secret!" exclaimed the maniac, pushing him back with the strength of insanity—"but this gold chain will pay for absolution—take it, father." "Follow me, my son," said the bishop, "and the peace of penitence be with thee!"

At the middle hour of the next night Clanharold's musings were disturbed by the entrance of the prelate with a dark and severe countenance. He accosted him in few words, and announced the certainty of his secret but final trial on the following day. This information only raised the courage and the hopes of the young prisoner, who apprehended nothing so much as the obscure and slow progress of the holy tribunal. No pomp or circumstance was spared to render the judicial court imposing to the English-

man's feelings when he entered it; but those feelings may be well conjectured when he saw the chest which had been employed as Juana's coffin standing in the centre, and her husband at the bar. "Henry Viscount Clanharold," said the inferior judge rising solemnly from his seat under a dark canopied recess, "we cite you here to bear witness of the truth. Look on this man and answer us—are ye strangers to each other?" "We have never met before," replied Clanharold, evading a distinct reply to a question which he feared might criminate a man unjustly suspected. "By the sanctity of that oath which we have imposed on your veracity, we require you to communicate all you know of this chest." "I know not what are its contents," he answered, still seeking safety in evasion. The Conde fixed his slow eye on Clanharold as these words were registered, and drew his lip inward with a ghastly smile. Three men were summoned next, and solemnly attested the conveyance of this chest, at midnight, to the English nobleman's apartment, and professed their belief, that it contained a treasure expected by him. His valet followed with a precise and accurate detail of the circumstances attending the opening of the lid, the groan which escaped his master, and the short stupor of agony which appeared to seize him, while excited by curiosity and suspicion he had watched his movements. Last came the miserable stranger, still clothed in his fantastic drapery, with the blood-stained glove in his hand, and the broken chain fastened round his neck. "Master! I have kept your secret!" he exclaimed, and fainted. "Spare your efforts," said the Conde, coldly folding his arms over his breast—"this wretch can tell you nothing more than I avow. He knows his master's secret—he knows that an infamous woman left her husband's house on the eve of St. Blasius's festival, and returned to it no more." "And you received her?" added the chief judge, addressing the English prisoner. "My lord," replied Clanharold—"I have already disclaimed the guilt imputed to me: my roof has never been an asylum for infamy in any shape, and I know no Spanish woman to whom it is due."

"He prevaricates!" interrupted the Conde, forgetting his own danger in his zeal to criminate an enemy—"he has spoken falsely! let him remember Bareges and the accommodating kindness of his sister!" A momentary blush passed over Clanharold's forehead, followed by a stern and deadly paleness. "Under English laws," he said, directing his eyes towards the judges, "frenzy and desperation are not allowed to convict themselves; nor are the most plausible assertions credited without proofs. All the witnesses err. If they can certify the fact of an assassination, let them make known the manner, and name the victim." "Beware!" said the bishop, "the chief witness has confessed all. Do you venture to look upon this chain?" Clanharold instantly recognised a fragment of the woven gold so fatally employed round Juana's neck. "You cannot deny that you have seen the instrument of an unhappy lady's death; this glove is the counterpart of one worn by her corpse, and the place of its interment is all we have to ask. You stand here, not as a culprit, but as an evidence against him; unless a contumacious silence renders you an accomplice. Where is the body of Juana?"

Clanharold remained silent till this question had been thrice repeated. To its last solemn proposition he replied, "if the Conde is accused of murder, I have no evidence to give, but I fully and firmly believe him innocent. I have seen no instrument of death, no place of secret interment, and to your last question I answer—my ignorance is absolute." The secretary of the tribunal recorded this declaration, while the only lamp which lighted the spacious hall of justice was gradually lowered over the coffin of Juana. Her husband shuddered and turned away his face, while the bishop, executing the most awful office of his temporal administration, advanced to pronounce his sentence. "Manuel del Tormes, accused and convicted by the assistants of your guilt; and you, Henry Lord Clanharold, subjected to the penalty of death by an obstinate concealment of murder, approach and lay your hands upon this bier." They obeyed with contrasted, but strongly evident feelings.

The Conde's livid lips shook as he attempted to speak; and raising his shrunk eye, he saw another witness standing before him. She wore the white habit of a nun, and extended her hands towards both the prisoners. "Judges! the Conde is innocent; and the Englishman has spoken truth. Juana was not wholly dead when the coffer was unclosed, and Clanharold's care revived her; but she could not enjoy even life when her honor was suspected. She escaped from her preserver to the convent of St. Blasius, where she found refuge without his knowledge or aid. She returns to the world only for a moment, to acquit a husband whose rashness was not without provocation, and a generous stranger whose secrecy hazards his life to redeem her

honor. Thus speaking, she raised her veil; and when the assembly had gazed for an instant on the beauty of the unfortunate Juana, dropped it again forever.

But the Conde, fully convicted of a barbarous intent, was sentenced to a long imprisonment, which his self-devouring spirit rendered more bitter than death. His servant, the chief agent in the attempted assassination, died in the receptacle for lunatics, where the ambassadress had discovered him; and her brother quitted Spain in almost incurable dejection, execrating that fierce jealousy which, by urging innocence itself into dark and crooked paths, deprives it of its dignity and its security.

THE ITALIAN.

"Tell me not of our Ariosto and Petrarch!" exclaimed the learned Doctor Busbequius Buonavisa to his nephew Count Bandalma, as they walked in the great square of Padua: "All the books in the Vatican or the Alexandrian library, if they could be found, should never convince me that woman is not an evil. What says the Talmud? What said the council of Nice? and the Koran, and the Institutes of Menu—and—ay, and our own college? Do they not all agree that the Creator did not send woman till he was asked, lest we should tax him with malice? 'Woe to the father of daughters!' said the Rabbi Ben Sirai; and I answer—Woe to husbands!"

"Sir," replied the young man, meekly, "I might also defy you to shew me any poet, historian, or philosopher, from Hesiod to Voltaire, who has not contradicted himself at least six times on this subject."

"Well, boy, well! and what does that prove, except that when women were created, fools became necessary? But what

were they in Hesiod's days, and what are they now? Ask Ovid, Lucian, Terence, or Petronius! Hear the English sage in 1617, 'For what end,' said he, 'are women so new-fangled, unstaid, and prodigious in their attires, unbefitting age, place, quality, or condition? Why do they deck themselves with coronets, pendants, chains, girdles, rings, spangles, and versicolor ribbands? Why are their glorious shews with scarfs, fans, feathers, furs, masks, laces, tiffanies, ruffs, falls, cuffs, damasks, velvets, cloth of gold and silver? To what end are their crisped hair, painted faces, gold-fringed petticoats, baring of shoulders and wrists? Such stiffening with cork—straightening with whalebone—sometimes crushed and crucified—anon in lax clothes, a hundred yards I think in a gown and sleeve? then short, up, down, high, low, thick, or thin? making themselves like the bark of a cinnamon tree, best outside!' Answer me, Signor Ludovico Bandalma, answer me."

"There can be no answer, uncle, to such

a congregation of questions, unless I repeat the catechism of your friend Jacobus de Voragine, who composed it, perhaps, when he meditated matrimony. 'Hast thou means? thou hast one to keep and increase them—Hast none? thou hast one to help thee. Art in prosperity? thy happiness is doubled—Art in adversity? she'll comfort and direct thee—Art at home? she'll drive away melancholy—Art abroad? she'll wish and welcome thy return—There is no delight without society—no society like a wife's.'

"Hold, hold!" interrupted Doctor Busbequius—"listen to the obverse side—'Hast thou means? thou hast one to spend them—Hast none? thy beggary is increased—Art in prosperity? thy share is ended—Art in adversity? she'll make it like Job's—Art at home? she'll scold thee out of doors—Art abroad? if thou beest wise keep thee so. Nothing easier than solitude, no solitude like a bachelor's. Why, how now? Whence comes that offuscation of face, Ludovico?'"

"Nothing, Sir,"—replied the nephew, smiling, with downcast eyes—"a flush, perhaps, from indigestion."

"Fuliginous vapors, child! Savanarola and Professor Menadous prescribe diazinziber, diacapers, and diacinnamonum, with the syrup of borage and scolopendra, to remove them. This is an irregular syncopatic pulse, which indicates a chronic disease."

"Very possible, dear uncle, for I have taken a wife."

"By the heart of man! (which is no profane oath, as I know not what the thing is made of) I am glad to hear it! A wife, saith the Hindoos, is the staff and salvation of her husband; meaning, no doubt, that she chastises him in this world. I congratulate thee, Ludovico, on thy progress through purgatory."

"Spare your raillery," answered Blandama, with a deeper flush, "I should not have announced my marriage to a cynic so professed, if I had not also had reason to acknowledge my conversion to his system, and my intended separation from——"

"From your wife, nephew!" interposed the cynic, charmed with this opportunity to reason on both sides of the question—"ab-

stractedly, a wife is an evil, but relatively she is a benefit, because she exercises the cardinal virtues."

"Sir, there was no enduring her diabolical temper."

"That is another prejudice of ignorance, nephew. We have no reason to believe that Satan has a woman's tongue; but, admitting that a shrewish temper and a demoniacal one are synonymous, I can suggest a remedy. When your wife is eloquent, answer her in the words of Aristophanes—"Brecc, ckex, ko-ax, ko-ax, oop—oop!" Or there is another expedient: the stones in this marketplace, as you know, were once employed as public seats of exhibition for all the insolvent debtors in Padua, and they would be equally useful if vixens were required to stand on them barefoot. I have no doubt that the famous circle at Stonehenge was contrived by the wisdom of ancient Britons for that purpose."

Whether either or both these expedients would have been successful, remains in eternal doubt, as the next moment brought Ludovico a special messenger, announcing the death of his wife on her way to the baths of Pisa. As this event happened at a distance so convenient, there was no occasion for much solemnity of mourning; one of her relatives, with whom he was not personally acquainted, had arranged her funeral; and Ludovico carried his sable mockery to "midnight dance and the public show" with great satisfaction. But, as custom is second nature, the unusual tranquility which he now enjoyed became gradually an incumbrance, and he began to regret the varieties and inequalities of his domestic life. His uncle, after quoting Isocrates, Seneca, Epicurus and every other ancient reasoner against melancholy, prescribed traveling, and determined to accompany him in his tour through the Mediterranean isles himself. As a busy indolence was Ludovico's only motive, and his uncle had none except his delight in curious research among antiquities, their first dis-embarkation was on the isle of Mytilene. "Here," said Dr. Busbequius, as they walked from the ship's boat along the windings of a graceful coast, and looked towards a cession half covered with orange-

blossoms—"here is the fit residence for a man whose imagination can give no flashes of light except on a summer's day, like a Swedish marigold—here, in the ancient Lesbos, the court of Cytherea, and consequently exempt from shews, as all isles are usually safe from scorpions." Ludovico sighed in silence, and approached the garden-gate, where the owner stood awaiting their arrival. The terms of their admission as temporary guests were easily concluded with Signor Furbino, who received them with Italian civility. But when they required his signature to the contract, he informed them, that ceremony would be performed by his daughter. "I abhor all reference to female wisdom," said Dr. Busbequius—"it always makes a man more uneasy than his own: Why must we have a female signature?" "Sir," replied the master of the villa, "I have been naturalized in this island long enough to acquaint you with its laws. Here the eldest daughter possesses all the rights allotted to a first-born son in other countries: the second is her menial servant, wears only a coarse brown garb, and is condemned to celibacy. If unfortunately a third daughter arrives, she claims all that her parents may have accumulated since the eldest's birth, and the fourth in succession is her servant, or Calogria. Thus, gentlemen, our daughters are alternately heiresses and slaves, and our sons must seek their fortunes in other lands, or be humble vassals at home, since all the wealth, liberty, and power belong to our wives." "Why, then," exclaimed the philosopher, "this is worse than Egyptian bondage; even in Cleopatra's days, her subjects allowed women to command only one day in the year! Sir, it is plain you require a courageous leader to break these hideous fetters; and if you dare follow me, I will harangue your countrymen in their senate-house till they resolve on emancipation." "You would find none but women there,—Sir!" answered Furbino, laughing; "and your own emancipation would be rather doubtful. As for myself, I am not very unfortunate, being a widower with only two daughters; but I must act as the steward of the eldest, and one of you, gentlemen, must sign this contract in her presence."

Highly amused by his uncle's vehement indignation and eagerness to combat this prodigious system, Blandalma willingly ceded to his seniority the privilege of guaranteeing the contract. With his college peruke placed on one side, his left arm behind, and his right advanced with the roll of parchment in the posture of Cicero's statue, Dr. Busbequius presented himself before the Lesbian lady, who sat alone in a superb apartment, leaning on her embroidery. "Madam," said the philosopher, elevating his eyebrows, and fixing his round person precisely erect, "though every code of laws and every national opinion, from the *lex Julia* of the Romans to the talk of a Catawba chief, allows us to form contracts, either public or domestic, without female aid, I am instructed that your consent is necessary before we can be domiciliated here." "Is talking your profession?" said the Lesbian, fixing her large bright eyes on her orator—"if it is, you shall teach my macaw. I want him to learn Italian with a pure academical accent; and I admit no strangers unless they conform to our customs. Have you any name or business here?" "My name," retorted her guest, "which was never asked before without respect, is Busbequius Buonavisa, physician and professor of philology in Padua; and when my nephew has recovered his health, I thank heaven, I shall have no business here." "Now!" said Lesbia, "does a physician dare to see a sick man?" "What would our academy have to do, madam, if men were not sick?" "Nothing, Mr. Busbequius; and therefore our custom is to chastise a physician every day until his patient recovers." "But, good lady, my nephew is only sick in mind, and requires no medicine except wine and a clear atmosphere, which, as Boerhaave saith—" "I have no objection to hear you talk," interrupted Lesbia, "provided you are useful in the meantime—either hold my lap-dog, or this skein of silk while I unwind it. But is not your real name Boerhaave? I have seen your face before in his picture; and if I could learn Latin, I would read his works, and be physician-general to the island."

The latter part of this speech so nearly resembled a compliment, that it reconciled

him to the first; and Dr. Busbequius, forgetting how ill his portly resemblance to Boerhaave qualified him for a silk-winder, quietly performed that office while he made an oration on medical science, and ended it by signing the contract as Lesbia dictated. It must be confessed that she unravelled her silk with fingers of exquisite beauty, and employed eyes whose brilliance was heightened by the artificial eyebrow and rich complexion peculiar to Mytilene. The philosopher returned to his nephew in a very eloquent mood, and disturbed his rest more than half the night by descanting on the absurdity of this island's customs, and the necessity of correcting them. Before day-break, he had convinced himself that it would be wisest to enlighten and reform the ladies of Mytilene, and for this purpose he resolved to teach Lesbia Latin. Blandalma shrugged his shoulders at his uncle's quixotism; but, as the sovereign lady of the family did not require or permit his attendance, he resolved to enjoy the pleasures of her villa. And as his former sufferings had disposed him to compassion, he took some pains to acquaint himself with her younger sister, whom the fantastical laws condemned to perpetual servitude. After many solitary rambles in the orangery, he saw a female there laboriously arranging its trellis in a dark brown habit of the coarsest cloth and most ungraceful form, with a long and thick veil which concealed all her face. Her hair was closely gathered under her hood, and her hands appeared of an olive tint roughened by labor. It was not difficult to recognise the unfortunate Calogria in this costume; and if her fate had been less entitled to benevolent concern, she would have won it by the meek humility in her gestures, as she offered her basket of oranges. This simple action, though probably due to the languor of his faded countenance, was sufficient to claim Blandalma's gratitude, and to manifest the natural grace and courtesy of the Calogria. As the custom of Mytilene forbids that unhappy class of females to converse with strangers, she made no verbal reply to his civility, but her silence had more charms than eloquence. Nor was Ludovico slow in observing her activity and skill in her father's household, and patient submission to the tasks imposed on her by her capricious and imperious sister. She had no leisure, perhaps no wish, to cultivate finer talent; yet she found means to display the sweetness of her voice in Lesbian songs, and to prove a delicate and ready wit in her brief replies to the billets hazarded by Ludovico. For the mystery which involved their intercourse soon touched his imagination sufficiently to rouse him from indifference, and the obstacle created by the laws of Mytilene became an incitement. This mystery, and its enlivening ef-

fect on his mind, would not have escaped inquisition, if his uncle's attention had not been equally occupied. With a serious and declared design to convince Lesbia of the follies authorized by the custom of the isle, he visited her apartment daily, and soon discovered that her mind, if properly enlightened, would incline to exchange an absurd prerogative for the soft influence allowed to females. At first Lesbia seemed curiously interested in the enormous volumes brought by her new teacher, who collected the most ancient and ample ones on the subject of due supremacy and subordination. But Lesbia never reasoned, though she argued continually; and it was not easy to debate with an opponent who answered the gravest arguments by a laugh or jest. And as she always found some employment for him during his harangues, poor Busbequius spent half his time in regulating her aviary, selecting bouquets, — and holding her music-book while she adapted the odes of the first Lesbian poetess to the half antique lyre still used in Mytilene. After a few interviews, he discovered that her figure in the picturesque costume of her island would afford Italian sculptors an admirable model of an Amazon; that her model Greek manuscripts deserved a place in the academy of Pisa; and that she might be rendered a very useful amanuensis if her notions of female independence could be subdued. Instigated, as he always said, by no motive but the public good, our professor lengthened his visits every day, and certainly enlarged his fund of science. For Lesbia persecuted him with questions respecting the dress of his countrywomen, and would not understand his descriptions till he endeavored to exemplify them by tying on his cloak and folding his official scarf in the style of a Paduan lady. And as she found his education very deficient, she told him, in the most important points; she compelled him to pour her coffee, arrange her work-table, and carry her parasol, which he endured with tolerable grace, as his obedience was an easy price for her attention to his precepts. With all the dignity and self-approbation of a martyr to the cause of philosophy, Dr. Busbequius sat by her side, gravely learning to knit while Lesbia pretended to read Cicero's letters respecting his wife's domestic virtues of industry and meekness, in a tone of profound attention and respect. We must confess these studies were often interrupted by a symphony on the Lesbian lyre, which she touched with skill enough to have enchanted Ludovico himself, whose first quarrel with his deceased wife had been because she refused to learn the science he idolized.

After some weeks had passed, the philosopher, one day, accosted his nephew with a mysterious air; and having intimated, rather awkwardly, that public benefits some-

times require private sacrifices, announced his intended marriage with Lesbia. "Superior reason," said he, assuming a sublime tone, "has determined her to leave this seat of barbarous prejudices, and to learn the true graces of her sex in Italy. After this, Ludovico, let no one doubt the prevailing force of masculine rhetoric, wisdom, and perseverance."

Blandalma had not been wholly blind to the progress of his uncle's wisdom; but as it had furnished both a shelter and an excuse for his own, he made no attempt to oppose it; and very complacently inquired how he intended to convey a bride from a place where marriages with aliens are unfavorably viewed. The philosopher had formed a plan to elude all obstacles, and proposed that their felucca should be equipped as if for a short excursion, and Lesbia invited to partake it. Blandalma listened with unfeigned pleasure to a scheme which accorded so well with one he did not yet venture to avow. He felt, it is true, some pity on his uncle's account, when he saw him fascinated by wit and beauty into a ridiculous union; but congratulated himself that his second choice was founded on the sure attractions of a meek and well-subdued temper. Never doubting that the Calogria would be permitted to accompany her sister in the projected voyage, Blandalma instantly provided his felucca with a trusty crew, and took his station in the cabin, as his uncle requested, to receive the fair companion of their adventure with due respect. He had never yet been admitted into her presence, as his indolent indifference had provoked the capricious haughtiness of her temper; and he, on his part, expected to see a face as shrewishly forbidding as some degree of youth and beauty could permit in Lesbia, and the utmost softness in her sister's, which he had

never yet seen unveiled. But when the lady entered, triumphantly ushered by his uncle, and threw aside the boat-cloak, he recognized, notwithstanding the artificial eyebrows and high vermillion added to suit her Lesbian costume, the features of *his own wife*. Astonishment at this resurrection, and perhaps a sensation not unlike horror, were so visible in his face, that Dr. Busbequius stood aghast, and mechanically felt for his lancet in expectation of a swoon. The Countess Blandalma, less surprised at the effect of her appearance, bent humbly to her husband, and inquired if he was still disposed to cultivate her Calogrian's favor. Ludovico made a confused and angry answer, that it no longer depended on himself. "It depends on you alone," she replied, laughing; "your uncle has learnt to excuse your former submission to my fancies, and I have learnt how to render it easy. With all my fantastical pretensions to dominion, he did not think me intolerable; and without wit, beauty, or elegance, you found me very interesting in the cloak and veil of a dumb Calogria. When I wish for success in the art of pleasing, I have only to remember the industry and meekness you admired at Mytilene: and you will probably forgive my pretended death, which allowed you so much happiness."

Blandalma had good humor and good-sense; and as he knew she had acquired the art of being silent sometimes, he very frankly forgave the stratagem practised to regain him. Her uncle Furbino, by whom the principal part had been sustained, accompanied them back to their former residence in Italy; where their conjugal happiness became a proverb; while his honest uncle Busbequius, wrote to folios to prove that celebrated truth, "Silence is the ornament of woman."

THE ENGLISHWOMAN.

About that period of the seventeenth century when the republican enemies of King Charles, even in the opinion of their most active leader, had medicined the Parliament till they had brought it into a consumption, and reformed the nation "as a man wipeth a dish and turneth it upside down," Sir Bevil De Grey retired in disgust to his mansion near Worcester. He was a man whose faults would have been very few if his Christian

neighbors had judged as mercifully as the recording angel of Mahomet, who is said to register no errors committed when a Turk is intoxicated, in a passion, or not arrived at years of discretion. Though he had now lived half a century, he was very far from those years—having a high respect for drinking, as a part of old English hospitality; and for fits of passion, because, as he said, a hail-storm is better than a fog. The churlish

Puritans of those days saw nothing to alarm them in the eccentricities of an old cavalier, whose attachment to the ancient order of things shewed itself chiefly in a superstitious fondness for half-forgotten ceremonies. He kept a falconer, a buffoon, and a decrepit Welsh musician, who understood all the songs of his ancestor Thaliessin, and especially his custom of pouring mead "into the long blue horn of ancient silver." Like passionate men in general, Sir Bevil was capable of abundant kindness, as the heavy dew in hot climates atones for the sun's excess. He had a niece, to whom, in defiance of the plain names which then prevailed, he had given the poetical one of Amaranth, promising to add his whole estate at his death. She grew up well resembling the aromatic and unfading flower whose appellation she bore. There was in her thoughts, her countenance, and her voice, such an equal and combining sweetness, that it tintured whatever came within her influence. She was the sole conductress of her uncle's household, and her presence always ensured that comfort for which other languages have no name, though it implies the most tranquil kind of happiness. But his seclusion and the modesty of her nature allowed her few recreations except her embroidery frame, her virginals, and the gardens of Bevil Lodge, until her twenty-first birth-day, when her uncle declared his intention to distinguish it by a revival of the ancient English may-games and pastime of riding the ring. For this purpose a large square was staked and fenced with ropes, having also two bars at the lower end, through which the actors passed and repassed. Six young men entered first, clothed in leather jerkins, with woodmen's axes upon their shoulders and large garlands of ivy-leaves and sprigs of hawthorn. Then followed six village girls, dressed in blue kirtles with blue primrose-wreaths, leading a fine sleek cow, decorated by ribbons of various colors intertwined with flowers, and the horns tipped with gold. These were succeeded by six foresters in green tunics, hoods, and hose; each carrying a bugle-horn attached to a silk baldrick, which he sounded as he passed the frontier. Sir Bevil's chief falconer personified Robin Hood, and came next, attired in a bright grass-green vest fringed with gold, his hood and hose of parti-colored blue and white. He had a large garland of rose-buds on his head, a bow bent in his hand, and a sheaf of arrows at his girdle, with a rich blue baldrick to support his bugle-horn and gilt dagger. Ten attendants followed him in green garments, with bows and arrows. Two maidens strewed flowers before Amaranth herself, who obeyed her uncle's absolute command by appearing as princess of the revels in an antique watchet-colored tunic

reaching to the ground, over which she wore a white linen surcoat with loose sleeves, fringed with silver, and very neatly plaited: her girdle of silver brocade formed a double bow on the left side, and her long flaxen hair, divided into many ringlets, flowed over her shoulders, covered on the top of her head by a net-work caul of gold, adorned with a wreath of violets. Two other village maidens, in syk-colored rockets or surcoats girdled with crimson, in the fashion of Henry the Sixth's reign, and crowned with violets and cowslips, followed the young heiress. Then entered the maypole, drawn by eight fine oxen, loaded with scarfs, ribbands, and flowers, round their gilded horns; while the hobby-horse and the dragon closed the procession. Horns sounded,—the spectators shouted,—the woodmen and village-girls danced round it, and the chief minstrel played on his bagpipes accompanied by the pipe and tabor. Sir Bevil's jester performed the hobby-horse with great skill in ambling, trotting, galloping, and frisking. The ranger, in the shape of a dragon, yelled and shook his wings admirably; but the most exquisite sport proceeded from a light slender boy, with small bells attached to his knees and ankles, who capered between the two monsters, throwing meal slyly into the gazers' faces, and rapping their heads with a bladder tied to his staff. This actor used these privileges of the maygame with so much activity, that Sir Bevil was not surprised when he appeared at the trial of archery which ended the pageant, and proved himself the most successful marksman. The good old Baronet beckoned him with his own hand to receive the crown of laurel and ribbons from Amaranth, and waited with some curiosity, while he untied his mask and beard of wire, to see by whom the character of "Much the Miller" had been so well performed. But joy, triumph, and other sensations, had called such new expression into the stripling's face, that Sir Bevil hardly recollected his idiot entertainer, Deaf Archibald, whom he had cherished many years in his household as a successor to his established fool. Nobody knew anything of Archibald, except that he had wandered alone to Sir Bevil's domain in the utmost misery of neglected childhood,—half-naked,—half-famished, and with more stupidity than deafness usually creates. Notwithstanding his deplorable tatters, the frightful vacancy of his large hazel eyes, and the idiot grin which widened his elf-like face, he gained an advocate in Amaranth, who humbly entreated her uncle to allow him bread and shelter in his kitchen. There the poor boy found willing patrons among the domestics, and his fantastic gestures, joined to some good-nature, introduced him to Sir Bevil's notice. Amaranth formed a language suited to his capacity,

and by very slow degrees, and most patient kindness, taught him to read and write. Though impenetrably deaf, he comprehended her last whisper; and about his sixteenth year, had begun to imitate the exercises of his rustic companions with a kind of mechanical instinct when the birth-day of his benefactress was celebrated. At the may-games he was unanimously chosen to represent the farcical personage called "Much the Miller," and his ingenious mimicries excelled expectation; but when Amaranth placed the prize-garland on his head, his vacant countenance was suddenly and strongly convulsed, he grasped for breath, and burst into tears. From that moment sensibility and reason seemed to have awakened together. Sir Bevil mistook the first blush of conscious pride for the common shame of stupid ignorance, and, laughing, promised to admit him among the riders at the ring. A long thick rope was stretched across the square, supported by stakes placed parallel, and a strong pole erected about four yards high. From it hangs a ring, or small circle of brass, with two small springs affixed to the top, and thrust into a brazen socket, which gave way when the point of the lance entered the ring, and allowed it to be drawn out without damage. Two of Sir Bevil's serving-men, equipped as heralds, in tabards richly embroidered with silver and gold, first entered the lists with trumpets, followed by five seeming knights in tilting habits of silver brocade, scarlet mantles, and striped satin bonnets, attended by as many bare-headed squires in one livery of blue velvet and orange-tawny satin. All rode well-mounted before the pavilion where Sir Bevil and his niece were seated, and asked permission to ride three courses at the ring. Archibald stood silently beneath it, viewing these mock candidates with a countenance in which the light of sudden intellect seemed struggling with confused and gloomy feelings. He cast a glance of shame and anger at his own dress, and retired among the crowd. But when the successful competitor struck his lance into the ring, and advanced to receive the usual recompense of an ivy-wreath from Amaranth, an uplifted hand was suddenly seen, and Sir Bevil, hastily leaning forward, received a pistol-shot in his breast. No one doubted that it had been levelled at the lancer, but cries of indignation and grief from the crowd shewed their devotion to their patron. In the first moment of astonishment, none remembered to close the entrance of the square; and till Sir Bevil's body had been conveyed into his hall, scarcely any perceived that the five masked lancers and their attendants had disappeared. Their flight fixed upon them the suspicion which had begun to rest on Archibald, who had disappeared also. But the search was strict, and the crowd,

whose first occupation had been so mirthful, were soon dispersed to alarm the neighborhood. Silent dismay prevailed in the lodge itself, where the Chaplain, his patron's confidential inmate, endeavored to secure caution among the household. Many of the elders understood his fears that some political enmity or stratagem was hidden under this seeming accident. All agreed in lamenting that a cherished whim had tempted their good master to hazard an exhibition which, however harmless and unconnected with royal pageantry, might give urbrage to the jealous republicans in power. In the dead of that fatal night, a party of the searchers returned, bringing with them the blue velvet doublet worn by one of the pretended squires at the maygame. They had found it in a lonely thicket, and traces of blood among the withered leaves had induced them to dig under some earth slightly heaped together. It covered the body of a man whose cap and under-coat bore the badge of Cromwell's party, though remnants of a silk baldrick and blue hose proved that he had been one of the May-day lancers. Conscious of the danger which might involve themselves if this man's blood was found upon them, the yeomen had closed up his grave, and returned to Bevil Lodge with only his blue doublet carefully concealed in a sack. The Chaplain undertook to preserve it, and, when he had dismissed Sir Bevil's honest tenants, placed it in the most secret repository of the Lodge, for amongst the folds he had perceived traces of fingers dipped in meal which had adhered to the blue velvet; and he guessed, but dared not ask himself to believe, that the wearer's death had been caused by Archibald, perhaps in vengeance for Sir Bevil's. Few, except the Chaplain, expected the fortitude shewn by Amaranth on this disastrous occasion. But as iron may be found in honey, and both oil and iron in water, he was not surprised to discover the softness, sauvity, and strength, united in her character. She received the counsels of the good pastor, and enforced his orders with a quiet and sober firmness which excited emulation among her servants. They had all grown grey in her uncle's service, and they deserved to be entrusted with her safety. It was soon whispered amongst them that Sir Bevil still lived, and was allowed by his family-surgeon to hope for some months' existence, if not for recovery. But no one entered his apartment except that surgeon, the chaplain, and his niece, whose skilful assiduity was admirable. Archibald's name was never mentioned in her presence, and in her cares for the invalid all remembrance of the fugitive seemed to be absorbed. But the chaplain, who had seen the gradual unfoldings of his character, thought of the unhappy young man with fatherly tenderness, and of his probable fate

with deep regret. Fearful to preserve an evidence against him, yet unwilling to break the clue of justice, he stood by his hearth alone at midnight, holding the ill-fated doublet in his hand over the flames to which he had half-determined to consign it, when the gate-bell rung loudly. Sir Bevil's mansion had no moat, no garrison, no means of resistance; and while the frightened servants gathered together to warn him that armed horsemen stood around the walls, the old man, defended only by his white hairs and the surplice which he hastily put on, stationed himself opposite the door, and seeing it burst open by the assailants, advanced to meet their leader. He was a young man in the uniform of a Cromwellian lieutenant; and when he saw only an aged priest and a few trembling servants, he ordered his soldiers to file peaceably into the hall. Then shewing the Protector's order, he demanded the person of Sir Bevil De Grey, which he was instructed to convey in safe custody to London, where a trial awaited him for outraging the Commonwealth by a profane pageant, and by causing one of his soldiers to be massacred. At this last intimation the chaplain trembled, as he remembered that he had left the soldier's tunic half-consumed upon his hearth. But he walked upstairs with a steady step, followed by the young commander alone, till he reached the first corridor near Sir Bevil's chamber. There he paused, and was going to speak, when Amaranth came forward to meet them. Her calm air, her beauty, and the gentle sound of her voice, touched the commissioner with respectful pity—"Sir," she said, "my uncle's sick-bed never had any other attendant except myself, and many hours have passed since he lost all hope of life. The Protector will not think it amiss that he should die under his own roof in your custody. Permit me to consider you my honorable guest this night, and to-morrow, if you desire it, I will accompany my uncle's body to London." "If he is dying," said the lieutenant, in an agitated voice—"If," added the chaplain, "if the living expect honor, they will shew it to the dying—we are all your hostages."

Cromwell's officer looked earnestly on the silver hairs of the chaplain, still more earnestly on Amaranth, and was awed by the holiness of age and innocence. He bowed and stepped back with that compassionate kindness which few men are unwilling to shew if they are told that they possess it. But he declined either refreshment or repose; and directed his sergeant to place vigilant guards below and around the mansion, he announced that the gallery before Sir Bevil's chamber-door would be his own station during the night. Amaranth retired submissively into that chamber, followed by the chaplain, but not by the young lieutenant, to

whom she offered the key with a grace which forbade him to accept it. He only laid it on the ground at her feet, and placed his sword upon it, signifying that her confidence was guarded by his honor.

When Amaranth found herself alone with the chaplain near her uncle's bed, her glance informed him what was most necessary. He was going to raise the trap door which lay concealed near the hearth, when it slid from beneath his hand, and Archibald presented himself—Archibald, no longer gazing with the sullen indifference of idiotism, but pale as death, with fierce eyes, and two pistols clenched in his hands. "Shall I kill him?" he said, in a stifled voice, with a look towards the door which needed no words to explain it. Amaranth forbade him by one of those gestures so full of eloquence; and he, resigning his weapons to the chaplain, held her in a long and passionate embrace. But suddenly pointing to the curtained couch, she whispered—"He must go to-night, and instantly! lead the way." "Let the chaplain shew it," replied Archibald—"I must stay here to guard you." "He will need you both," she answered; "I need but *One*." "May the blessing of that Almighty One rest here!" said the chaplain, laying his hands on Archibald and Amaranth as they still clung together. The occupier of the couch stepped from it, covered completely by a large dark cloak, and followed by his two guides down a secret passage, leaving Amaranth with no living companion.

When day-light had begun, the door of Sir Bevil's chamber was opened by his chaplain to Cromwell's commissioner. "Enter, Sir," said Amaranth, with a countenance terribly pale and calm—"your prisoner is ready to attend you." The lieutenant looked between the curtains of the bed, and saw Sir Bevil in his shroud. He drew back shuddering, cast his eyes on a couch which stood near, and exclaimed, "You have deceived me—this room has had another inhabitant, or I should have been admitted sooner to witness this—many days may have past since Sir Bevil's death, and some secret reason has caused its concealment." Archibald sprang from beneath the couch—"There is no longer any concealment—I was the living prisoner in this room—I am her brother, and the punisher of that vile soldier who destroyed our uncle."

Perceiving the confused astonishment of the lieutenant and Amaranth's speechless agony, the chaplain attempted the dangerous task of explanation. "This young man," said he, "is the natural son of a proscribed and unfortunate father, who perished on the scaffold. Even his uncle did not know him. I feared Sir Bevil's eccentricities, and trusted only his sister with the secret. Her kindness rescued him from idiotism—her courage

has sheltered his life—if your duty requires you to sacrifice it, remember I am her accomplice.”

The republican officer was confounded by a scene so new and beautiful. He looked at the sister lying senseless in the arms of her brother, whose life seemed her's, and at the aged chaplain, who loved them as a father. Tears, perhaps the first he had ever shed, escaped from his eyes as he gave his hand to Archibald. Words were not necessary to tell that he intended to befriend them. He easily conceived into how much peril the young man had plunged himself by sacrificing his uncle's assassin; and supposed it a sufficient reason for his mysterious concealment in this chamber, where he never suspected that another fugitive had been hidden. It was agreed that Archibald should remain secreted, while the lieutenant returned to certify Sir Bevil's death to Cromwell. For that purpose he departed instantly, but before his arrival in London the Protector had expired, and in the confusion which followed, Amaranth's inheritance escaped confiscation. When Charles the Second made his first public tour through England, she still lived in Bevil Lodge with her venerable chaplain. Charles supped at her table; and while he pledged her in a full bowl of wine, said, with his usual gallant gaiety—"I wear this suit of forest-green, madam, to remind you of the May-day when I first appeared in it. No one knew, except yourself, that your good uncle devised the pageant to favor my secret visit here. I hope you have preserved your white tunic and watchet-colored mantle to be worn as a bridal-dress when I give you away in marriage." Amaranth replied, that she "should always keep with honor what she had worn on a day of good fortune to England." "And this," added the graceful monarch, "ought to be a fortu-

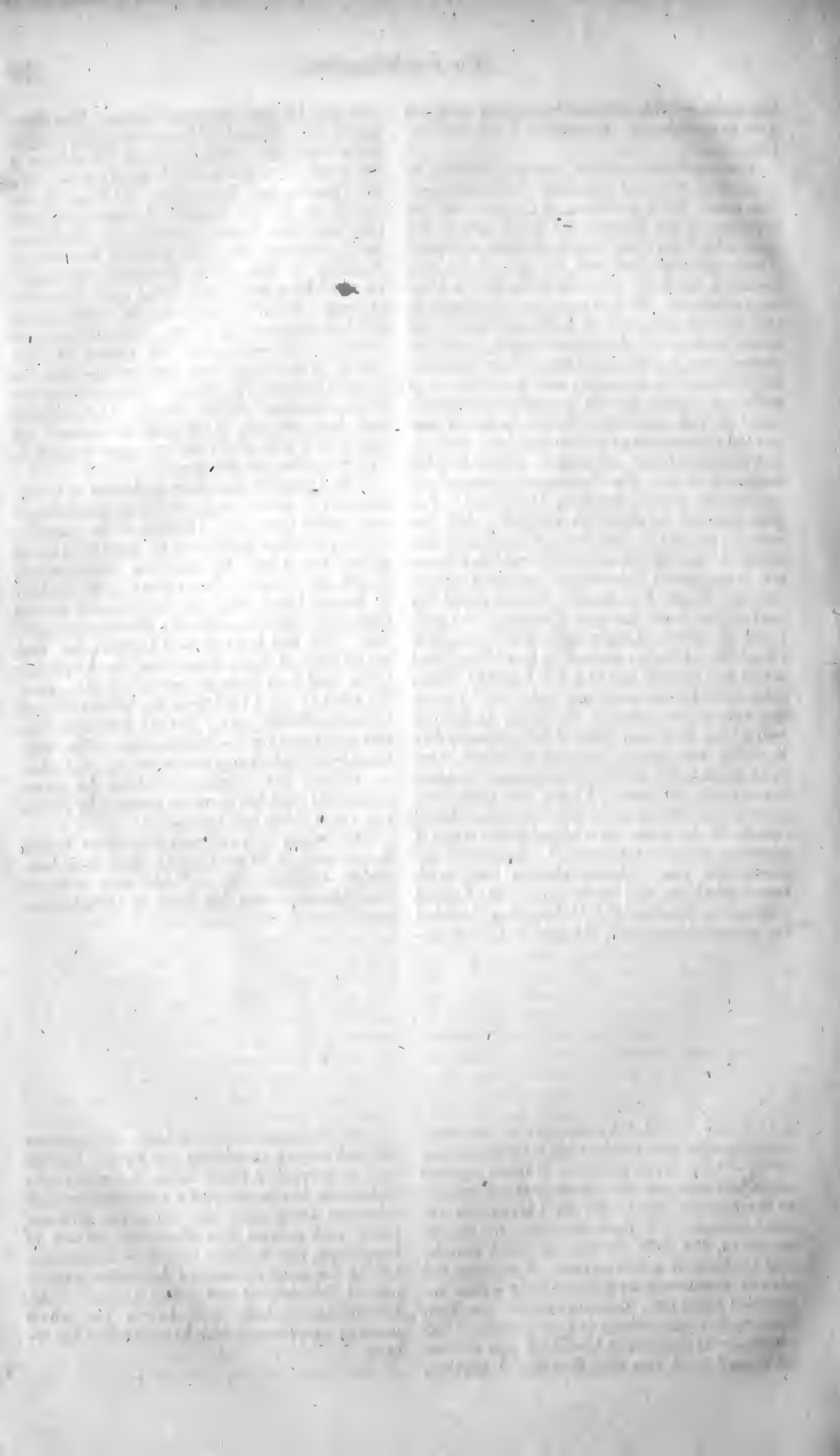
nate day for one of my subjects. The lieutenant who would not leave old Oliver without a just cause, will not leave Charles for a bad one. I was not his king when he was my enemy; and I am now his king, I am bound to be his friend. I have appointed him my ambassador to the court of Spain, and promised him the noblest woman in England." The sovereign's will was obeyed, and his nuptial gift was a gold box containing a wreath resembling the violet crown she had worn on May-day, but composed of precious stones;—and the patent of her brother's peerage, as a recompense for the faithful escort he gave his king from the death-chamber of Sir Bevil. How wisely and how happily Amaranth performed the duties of a wife and mother, appears best in her own words to her son.

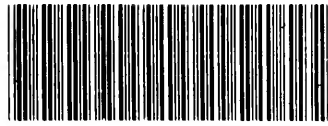
"Be innocent as a dove and wise as a serpent in all affairs that concern your estate and reputation. Be charitable in thought, word, and deed, and think no time well spent which tends not to improve your mind, health, or honor. Remember your father, of whom I can draw no just picture unless God shall bless me with his likeness in yourself. We had but one soul between us, and we so studied each other that we knew our loves and our resentments were the same. He used to say I managed his household and servants wholly, yet I always governed myself and them by his commands. His judgment was perfect in every case, except when he judged his enemies,—whom he never punished; and his memory perfect in retaining every thing but injuries."

This happy and virtuous pair were buried in one grave in Ware Church, and their honorable epitaph was,—“He was a brave Englishman,—and his wife an *Englishwoman*.”

“Really,” said the Secretary of the Society, when he had finished his task of reading aloud—"the seven heroines of these legends seem to represent the characters of women in their seven ages—the first loves, the second reasons, the third exhibits, the fourth manages, the fifth cheats, the sixth scolds, and the seventh gives advice. I suppose the hive of females from whence they came resembles their own composition——But, brother Bertram, where is your promised explanation of the means by which you obtained them?" "You will find it," I replied,

"in the supplement to the last. My modern Englishwoman resembles Sir Bevil's heiress only in having a short tunic, a great many flowers on her head, and a dull brother: but when we have seen all, we seven philosophers may amend our *Eunomia*, or law of happiness, and comfort ourselves by remembering the good primate of Aquitaine's maxim—"The wisest err seven times." Mr. Philowhim sighed, and began the short modern supplement which concluded his labors.





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